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THE AGRICULTURAL BLOC—Its Merits

By HON. ARTHUR CAPPER

CRITICISM of the so-called agricultural bloc in the present Congress as a "class group" has come, so far as I have observed, from class groups who fear recognition of the primary national industry by the government. These men in Congress, comprising about one hundred in the House and some twenty-two in the Senate, largely from the west and south, who know the needs of agriculture, are accused by representatives of other interests of seeking class legislation for the farm.

The legislation which the agricultural bloc supports as its contribution to the general welfare, however, speaks for itself. As one who has actively supported and advocated these measures, I have no sympathy with class legislation, and I need hardly say that I see nothing of the evils of class legislation in the agricultural program.

It is trite to say that "agriculture is the basis of our prosperity." But threadbare as the statement is, it has needed repetition and emphasis. At the base of all industry is the oldest industry of the land itself. We may say

that until quite recent years we regarded the farmer as valuable in his capacity as a producer of the first needs of life, but all great business now equally considers him as purchaser. He produces the raw material for the factory and he supports the factory in his immense consumption of finished products. Our entire business structure rests upon the land. The farmer not only feeds us and clothes us, but is, as a class, our best customer. Without him the railroads would languish. The steel industry, without the railroad demand for rails and other materials, and the demand of the harvester and farm implement industries for steel, would perish. Unless the farmer prospers there can be no prosperity of a single industry. So efforts to improve and stabilize conditions surrounding this ultimate industry of food production are of as vital consequence to the city and to business in general as to the farmer himself.

Heretofore government aid to agriculture has consisted in the support of agricultural colleges and experiment stations, and the Department of Agriculture. Valuable as this service has been in promoting better farming, improved seed, soil culture and livestock, it has no relation to other and increasingly pressing problems of the farming industry which concern such subjects as financial credit and markets, and marketing machinery and processes.

Farming is a peculiar industry. It has not participated in the modern synthetical processes of industrialism, the centralization of control, the combination of capital into great units. In the immense development of the division of labor in the factory system and through the corporation, agriculture has been left by the wayside. It remains as individualistic as a century ago, when all industrialism was individualistic. The farmer is the sole survivor of an earlier industrial order, when the shoemaker made shoes on his knee in his shop, when domestic industry flourished, and the household spun its own wool and was sufficient

unto itself. With the development of the factory system and the corporation, and the corresponding evolution of credit and banking with relation to these new forms, agriculture has been overlooked. Farming is the only business left that buys at retail and sells at wholesale; that pays what is asked when it buys, and accepts what is offered when it sells. The farmer remains merely a producer of the necessaries of human life. After he has produced them other organizations take them over at their own price for distribution. This is true of no other important industry.

The marketing and distributing agencies, well supplied with credit, closely affiliated and linked with the highly organized industrial order, do not, like the farmer, dump the farmer's products, after they have passed into their hands, at once upon a congested market. Facilities have grown up, the warehousing system, the elevator, the cold storage plant, the grain, cotton and other exchanges, that nicely adjust supply to demand, and the "middlemen" feed out the world's food supplies as demand calls for them. Just as these merchants hold and store and distribute in accordance with demand for consumption, thereby obtaining what the products are fairly worth during the entire year, so the farmer is now proposing through self-organization to dispose of his products, to control elevators, warehouses, credit, to be represented on exchanges, to market his own products. This is the first agricultural bloc aid to the farmer, in the Volstead-Capper bill authorizing farm co-operative marketing.

The farmer's individualistic industry, the single farm being the unit, not the corporate aggregation of many farms, is not adapted to the uses of the modern corporation. What is suited to agriculture (unless it is to be taken over bodily by big business in great trusts) is co-operation. There is not an economist nor an authority on agriculture who believes that the method of the corporation will answer the needs of agriculture. Co-operation differs from the

corporation in several important features, but it is unnecessary to mention more than that in co-operation the amount of stock shall be limited to any one stockholder to the co-operative project, and the stock dividends shall be limited to a fixed rate having no relation to the earnings, as in the corporation, but having regard to the ruling rate of interest for money or capital. Only by these limitations can the farm marketing enterprise be protected against control by a few, and the vital co-operative spirit maintained. In co-operation capital and labor are one. The farmer supplies the capital and it is he who turns out the product. The ultimate earnings dividends are rated not on the capital invested, but on the product contributed. This is true co-operation.

What the agricultural bloc discovered is that existing "middlemen" through their organizations are determined to prevent the rise of farm co-operative marketing. Aspiring local co-operative organizations of farmers were attacked by these interests in the courts for violation of the anti-trust acts, and co-operation was obstructed and discouraged by these and other measures.

Convinced that farm co-operation is desirable, the last Congress by an amendment of the federal trade act undertook to release it from any suspicion of attempted monopoly by exempting combinations "not for profit" from the scope of the anti-trust acts, acts designed for wholly different forms of organization. The amendment proved ineffective, and the Volstead-Capper bill now being pressed by the agricultural bloc, authorizes and validates farm co-operation as such.

The American farmer leads the world in production per man, but he can never be an efficient salesman of his own products without the clear legal right to market them collectively. This right is given by the bill. Mr. J. D. Miller, representing the National Milk Producers, testified before a commission of Congress that it "will do more for the

ultimate prosperity of America's farmers than any other measure." This nation stands alone in the world in its inhibitions against farm marketing co-operation. The agricultural bloc is not asking special class legislation for the farmer, but merely the removal of legal obstructions to farm co-operation and the placing of the American farmer on the same footing as his competitor in every other country on the globe. Danger of an agricultural monopoly through co-operation is not seriously urged, but only for political purposes by special interests. Agricultural monopoly through co-operation is impossible, because by the nature of the co-operative enterprise it has been found to be ineffective except by producers of the same products locally organized. Farm co-operation has not been successful either in Europe or in the United States where the members are widely scattered, or where they are engaged in the production of different products. A universal agricultural co-operative enterprise is utterly impracticable and contrary to all co-operative experience.

But it is a sufficient defense of farm marketing co-operation to say that every economist who has made a study of agricultural industry and every advisor, from so high an authority as Secretary Hoover or Mr. Bernard Baruch down, agrees that co-operation is the remedy and the sole practical remedy for his marketing losses. In a recent interview Mr. Baruch said:

"I do not believe the farmer receives a fair share of the value of his products. And this is aggravated by practices of under-grading, overcharging for services, and underpayment. The theory of my belief is that the farmer should be put on an equal footing with the man who buys his products."

Mr. Hoover, in an address before the Kansas State Board of Agriculture on Farmers' Problems stated that "our marketing system today in certain commodities is extravagant, it is wasteful, and it imposes great penalty upon the

farmer." On the question of monopoly Mr. Hoover remarked in this address: "My own opinion is that price can not be controlled in a long term of years by any form of organization. It can, however, be influenced toward the elimination of intermediate fluctuation, and speculation can be greatly eliminated."

In clearing the way for farm co-operation the agricultural bloc is not seeking to give a special advantage to the farmer over other industrialists, but to open the way for the farmer to adopt a plan of industrial organization as suited to the conditions of his industry, as the corporation is suited to others. Other measures to which the so called farm bloc has given its sanction include the Capper-Tincher anti grain gambling bill already enacted into law. This is a measure, not of class legislation, but of correction of abuses on grain exchanges. It abolishes the practice of "puts" and "calls," condemned by grain exchanges themselves and many years ago prohibited in their own rules. But the main provisions of the bill give the Secretary of Agriculture power to investigate and report any suspected manipulation of the grain market, to check the books of market operators, and to prescribe rules for boards of trade. Other measures included are Senator Dial's anti-cotton gambling bill, bills regulating cold storage and providing control of the packing industry, the Capper-French truth in fabrics bill—applying to fabrics provisions similar to those of the pure food act—and bills creating more liberal banking credit, particularly personal credit on crops and farm machinery, making such paper more easily discountable.

Of these measures the only one susceptible to the accusation of "class legislation" is the last, since it does attempt to enlarge the banking credit of agriculture. People in cities or engaged in mercantile, manufacturing, brokerage or other business associated with cities are not aware of the extent to which bank credit has been evolved with relation to the needs specifically of such industries, and the

extent to which the evolution of bank credit has overlooked the peculiar conditions of agriculture.

Commercial paper is the key of banking credit. Credit machinery and facilities have accommodated themselves to the needs of commercial and manufacturing business. Since this business ordinarily has a turnover measured in weeks, bank credit has adapted itself to such periods of duration and renewal. We have the thirty day, sixty day, and at most ninety day note, and this arrangement perfectly suits commercial business. In fact that is the reason we have it. It does not suit farming business, yet this fact has not in the least modified the practice, demonstrating conclusively that bank credit does not concern itself seriously with the industry of the production of the world's food supply. The farmer's turnover is mainly once in twelve months. Furthermore, the supply of bank credit has no relation to agriculture, but regards commercial and manufacturing business only. The banks have mainly concerned themselves with supplying the credit needs of "business," in which farm business is not consciously included. But even so, the banks have not adequately met the need of commercial business. This appears by the development of one auxiliary credit organization after another. We have the discount companies or commercial credit companies that buy accounts receivable of merchants and manufacturers to increase mercantile and manufacturing working capital. These modern institutions of very recent creation now do an extensive business of auxiliary banking for the benefit of business in cities. Of recent origin too, are the commercial banking departments of trust companies, under more liberal regulation than banks, created to meet the demands of commercial and manufacturing industry. And finally we have the commercial paper houses. According to Prof. H. G. Moulton of Chicago University, in his book recently from the press, "The Financial Organization of Society," these last did a business in 1919 of upwards of

four billion dollars. They are an extension of the facilities of bank credit for the special benefit of merchants and manufacturers, and their particular function is to find the widest market, often even in the small country or farm bank, for the paper of great commercial houses.

But where do we see any extension of bank credit that helps the farmer finance his business? He has paid the highest interest rate for working capital, not because his credit is naturally inferior to that of commercial business, but because the banking system has grown up in places and under conditions remote from those of farm industry.

It is not the purpose of the agricultural bloc in the banking credit measures they advocate, to supply the farmer with a more generous line of credit than other industries, but to fill the wide gap that has existed between his industry and the credit that all other industry enjoys. It is merely a belated effort to meet a profound need of agriculture. The purpose of the credit bills is to create banking facilities for the farmer adjusted to the times and seasons of his need, not to give credit where credit is not warranted. The bills provide for ample security for any credit the farmer asks, but they take notice of the longer period of his business turnover both as to crops and as to livestock. The farmer in the past has had the credit facilities only of the little country bank. The agricultural bloc was instrumental in obtaining the enactment of the agricultural credit bill, through which a maximum of one billion dollars credit may be extended to farm loan organizations and to banks and trust companies making loans to farmers, and through which the War Finance Corporation may make advances not exceeding one year to producers or dealers in the event of a market glut, and may advance credit to any co-operative association, bank or trust company which has advanced funds for agricultural purposes, as well as credit for the breeding, fattening and marketing of livestock.

Many Americans give little thought to the agricultural industry. It is removed from the populous centers of the country. The farmer is isolated, he stands alone, the last of the individualists, depending for his success upon his own efforts unassociated with others. Yet he conducts an industry aggregating an investment value of eighty billion dollars, and with a normal output of something like twenty billions. He is "fed up" on political camouflage and promises, on Fourth of July oratory extolling his loyalty, his industry, his patience, and his fidelity to his job. He is weary of hearing that he is the "backbone" of the country, its "bone and sinew," only to be forgotten when business is to be done and results harvested. He is asking for a square deal and equal treatment and consideration with others, for the right to act in co-operation and to handle his products through to their ultimate market, with adequate credit facilities. Oratorically the farmer has been well treated. Practically his needs have been neglected by those who have made the laws and the modern machinery of the industrial order. He has awakened to his own situation. When the after-war collapse occurred it was the farmer who was without the organization and machinery to protect himself, and he saw his products made the football of speculation and gambling.

When an eighty billion dollar industry capable of supplying the nation annually with twenty-two billions of new wealth, and fifty per cent of its bank deposits, lies flat on its back, it would seem that rescue parties might better be hailed with joy than viewed with alarm, and that whatever will promote the primary industry of food production might well be regarded as of the common good, rather than as class legislation and a menace.

Nobody can impartially study the history of agriculture and conclude that it has not been sorely neglected. It has "just growed." For a century and a half, nearly everything we have done, every system we have contrived in

marketing, transportation and banking, has been built to fit the development, happiness, and profit of city life. A Department of Agriculture and a few agricultural colleges have been regarded as meeting our obligations to agriculture. And so they would, if all that agriculture needed was advice. But it needs to grow and prosper in organized efficiency like the rest of the modern, highly organized world.

In central Illinois, the heart of the most fertile agricultural region on the globe, more farmers have gone bankrupt and been sold out by the sheriff in the last year than in many preceding years together. One of the most successful and respected farmers in the United States, J. R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, has declared that one and a half million of the six million farmers of the country are today insolvent. Agriculture is sick. The measures supported by the agricultural bloc are not proposals to give the farmer something for nothing, nor are they class legislation. They are the remedies urged by economists and students of agriculture, and above all by the farmers themselves, to uplift this fundamental industry to a place where it will be a blessing to the country because it is self sustaining and prosperous.

SOMETIMES

By MAY THOMAS MILAM

Sometimes if we slyly look
Quickly aside,
We may see vague white forms hurrying
To hide.
Sometimes, oh fleetingly! we gaze
On fairer lands;
A shining face we sometimes see—
And touch strange hands.

THE AGRICULTURAL BLOC—Its Perils

By Hon. George H. Moses

WHEN "The Founding Fathers"—as President Harding so often and with affectionate alliteration refers to the creators of our Republic—established our form of government they intended to depart completely from the form of parliamentary responsible ministries which obtained in the mother country. They endued our Executive with a fixed tenure, and set him and his policies entirely beyond the reach of hostile majorities in either branch of Congress. Their purpose, as shown by their immediate action upon the great instrument which they had framed, was based upon the expectation that the President and the Congress would always be in political accord. They had observed the single line of demarcation between schools of American political thought; and they felt justified in assuming that such simplicity would continue. As a matter of fact, there have been few of our sixty-seven Congresses wherein the President did not command a majority of his own party.

Third parties in America, when they have appeared other than as mere organs of temporary protest upon a single question, have generally recognized the partisan form of political activity upon which American institutions are predicated. In the years of their greatest endeavor—notably 1856, 1892, and 1912—they sought to gain not only the Presidency but seats in Congress as well. And the fact has been and remains, that if the American system of constitutional government is to continue there must be political accord between the President and the Congress; otherwise no affirmative progress can be made in legislation.

It is clear, therefore, that the bloc system does not fit

into our institutions. Ours is a republic with representative institutions and government. And while it is true that in recent years there have been efforts, successful in form, if not in spirit, to engraft democracy upon our republicanism, it is questionable if their success is anything more than formal. For example, the direct primary and the popular election of United States Senators is an engrafting of democratic purposes upon our republican stem; and I doubt if there are many who will maintain the thesis that the results of this experiment have been such as to raise perceptibly the standard of public service.

The introduction of the bloc system, however, produces a new angle and introduces a new element, as foreign to our institutions as its name is to our language. In countries where responsible parliamentary government exists the bloc system may have a place; but even there it is rarely valuable in the continuity of governmental advance. Legislation proceeds by compromise in any event; and when such compromise must be sought among all the conflicting groups such as have made up the coalition majority in so many European chambers it is not surprising to note that the resultant statute has so often proven disastrous. It is not every executive who possesses the agile mind of Lloyd George and who can, like him, perform continuous feats of legislative legerdemain and invariably bring the statutory rabbit out of the silk hat, into which the bewildered audience plainly saw him put the coalition eggs and confetti.

Ten years ago that wise old ruler, King George of the Hellenes, viewing from the perspective of six thousand miles the formation of the Progressive Party in the United States, gave me his opinion that the bloc system would soon find its way into the American Congress. Being then as now, a Hamiltonian, perhaps a reactionary, I ventured to differ with His Majesty, although we were sitting at his own table over the coffee. Has his prediction come true?

For the first time in American Congressional history we

have in the Senate a bloc, frankly proclaimed as such and further distinguished as agricultural. It may be beside the mark, but it certainly is pertinent to note in passing that none of its most active members is a farmer, and that most of them are lawyers. Although brought forth under Republican auspices, it is not without significance that none of the three real dirt farmers of the Republican side of the Senate was invited to share in the formation or in the later councils of the bloc. And as a matter of historical truth it should be further noted that in the last meeting of the bloc which came to public notice its constituent members in attendance comprised a fluctuating number of Republican senators, while the Democratic attendance was not only constant but constantly in the majority.

The avowed purpose of the bloc is to secure legislation beneficial to the American farmer. And the movement presents fine evidence of the truth that a creature grows by what he feeds on—because the bloc was organized with formal precision only after four months of a Congressional session in which the chief measures brought to passage were the Emergency Tariff Bill, the Farmers' Finance Bill, and other proposals of equal class or sectional character. The members of the bloc who have hitherto cooperated without formal organization have now decided, it is evident, to "change from glory unto glory" and to place themselves among the ordered constellations of the stars which fight together.

If this bloc is to endure; if other blocs are to be formed; if, in short, Congress is to embark upon the choppy seas of coalition control, it cannot stop with mere legislation arising from the exigencies of a given minute. The tail must go with the hide; and the coalition must seek not only to enforce its demands upon the floor when the roll call is taken, but to seize complete control of dominant party machinery, to make itself in fact the dominant party, to choose its own Speaker of the House, its own President pro tempore of the Senate, to name its own leader of party conferences, and to select and arrange the membership of all Congres-

sional committees. This means, of course, the disappearance of the ancient but still serviceable rule of seniority. It means that the membership and chairmanships of important committees shall be thrown open to political competition, with its attendant evil train of log-rolling and a still further subsidiary development of the bloc scheme. It means destruction of incentive for individual effort in the drudgery of the committee room; it means, in a word, chaos.

The rule of seniority is, of course, by no means perfect; but nothing yet has been devised to take its place which will correct all of its evils or even measurably do so. It has one element to its credit—its certainty.

Already the bloc has begun to show signs and wonders which proclaim its weakness. For example, the agricultural bloc, if its history shall be truthfully written, must own as its progenitor one Senator who was promptly despoiled by another of the honors which the system has to confer; and he in turn was pushed from his throne by a second pretender; while a third seems to be emerging from the back scenery to make further contest for a monopoly of the spot light.

Over-wise commentators upon the bloc system as we now possess it have sought to find its origin in the changing form of public questions—which they assert to be economic and therefore bound to invoke sectional and class consciousness. If we may substitute the adjective selfish for the adjective economic in the foregoing formula we shall probably be more nearly correct. And the source of this selfishness is easy of discovery. It lies in the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which was hailed as giving liberty to Congress in matters of taxation but which in reality has given much more of license. A collateral spring of inspiration from which the bloc system in the United States drinks deep is to be found in the form of taxation which the exigencies of war forced upon the country; and so long as we maintain the practice of tax levying under which the four states of Illinois, Massachu-

setts, New York, and Pennsylvania contribute more than one-half of all the golden flood poured into the Federal Treasury, so long will exist the temptation to form blocs whose purpose is to procure for the less populous, less enterprising, less thrifty states of the Union a share of the profits of toil which their more industrious sister states have piled up. The pernicious results of this practice cannot be overlooked. Persistence in it cannot fail to produce a group of mendicant states, whose representatives in Congress under the economic urge of the "folks back home" will seek still further to pry open the doors of the Federal Treasury, and to gather from granaries which they have not helped to fill.

All this is bad enough; but after all the economic consequences of the bloc system are not its worst fault. If it continues it means the breaking down of party coherence, of party responsibility, and of party government. And when these disappear the Constitution disappears with them; because the American system of government was framed upon lines so distinct and so clear that the introduction of a bloc into the plan means the introduction of a blot which will be the effacing efficaciously of all that has held this Republic for well nigh a century and a half in the first position among the self-governing peoples of the world. Our sense of nationality has been developed under the Constitution and through political parties. Its fires have thus far kept the melting pot at sufficient heat to assimilate all that the Old World has hitherto given us, but they cannot reduce this latest introduction from the parliamentary storehouse of the Old World.

Since the bloc is neither fusible, nor malleable, nor ductile, nor friable, what means shall be employed for dealing with it? It should be dissolved. Not necessarily by disintegration—which will probably take place—but by party coherence solvent and persuasive. Such is to be found amply in the Republican Party whose traditions contain enough of affirmative forbearance to absorb the most refractory of political elements—even a bloc.

SOME MAKERS OF MODERN VERSE

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I notice a curious revival of interest in Henley, caused by the publication of his letters and works, in five volumes, which have been widely reviewed. Henley was a striking personality; he had no genius; he was not a great writer. I never met him. Only he asked me twice for two articles; one, on Coventry Patmore that I wrote in London; one, on Paul Verlaine, I wrote in Paris. It was printed in *The National Review* in 1892, and was I believe, the first detailed study of the whole of his work up to that date. I heard a great deal about Henley from Yeats, who had an immense admiration for the man and for his prose. It delights me to read in his "Memoirs of Four Years" an account of Henley which is admirable, sympathetic and, above all, entirely written from the Irish point of view. He says there:

"I disagreed with him about everything, but I admired him beyond words. Henley often revised my lyrics, crossing out a stanza or a line and writing in one of his own, and I was comforted by my belief that he also re-wrote Kipling, then in the first flood of popularity."

I remember Yeats telling me one night when he was spending a winter with me in Fountain Court, the impression he had of the first meeting of Wilde and Henley at Henley's room in Westminster. He said to me, Wilde tried his utmost to fascinate Henley by his brilliant paradoxes, by his sudden gymnastics, with words in which the phrase itself was always worth more than it said. All that

time his fixed idea was—I imagine—to endeavor to imitate his life-long enemy, once his friend, Whistler—by transfixing Henley with some poisoned dagger, such as the one he refers to in the painted and heavily perfumed pages of "Dorian Gray." He did not fascinate Henley; Henley beat him down, time after time, with some heavy weapon of his own fashioning. The result was in Yeats' words:

"When I dined with Wilde a few days afterwards he began at once, 'I had to strain every nerve to equal that man at all'—and I was too loyal to speak my thought, 'You and not he said all the brilliant things.' He, like the rest of us, had felt the strain of an intensity that seemed to hold life at the point of drama."

In the poetry of Henley, so interesting always, and at times so admirable, I find an example to my hand of modernity in verse. For a man of such eager and active temperament, a writer of such intellectual vivacity, his literary baggage is singularly small. In any case, there is something revolutionary about his work; as in his verse, which he can enlarge so as to take in London; perhaps a test of the poetry which professes to be modern: its capacity for dealing with London, with what one might see there, indoors and out of doors. To be modern in poetry, to represent oneself, to be modern and yet poetical, is perhaps, the most difficult, as it certainly is the most interesting of all artistic achievements. Had Walt Whitman —whose work remains a suggestion, not an accomplishment—possessed the art, as he possessed and at times revealed, the soul of poetry, it is possible that in him we might have found the typical modern poet. On the contrary, Henley's subject matter in verse was a discovery; his verse is made out of personal sensations, verse which is half physiological, verse which is pathology; and yet, at its best, poetry. Always undoubtedly modern, using too often merely prosaic words, he has set some of the most human emotions to a music that is itself curiously modern;

as in certain jingles, which seem to give a particular, hardly defined sensation with ingenious success. It is a sensation vague in itself, delicious and frivolous, an inconsequent, inconsistent emotion, born of some happy accident.

I have at times felt, with an intense horror and aversion, a bourgeois solemnity in much of the really quite good, the very respectable work in verse that is done now-a-days; bourgeois, for all its distinction, of a kind. Only, when I use the word now-a-days, the word itself is as explicit to me at the exact moment when I am writing these lines, as it was in the days of Dowson, as it was in the days of Verlaine. The taint, the plague-spot of bad verse has always been that of the bourgeois. Only, at that time, none of us who were actually artists, were afraid of emotion, were ashamed of frivolity, were aghast at passion. Only, now, certainly, I know not how many verse makers are concerned only with the question that the sentiment as well as the rhyme must be right. Still, when Henley found what was really a personal emotion—he was ashamed of none of the human instincts—it was with a brush of passionate impressionism that he painted for us the London of midsummer nights, London at "the golden end" of October afternoons, London cowering in winter under the Wind Fiend, "out of the poisonous East." In his impression of the mood of deadly companionship of the sea and of night, he certainly succeeded in flashing the picture, in realizing the intangible.

> Growling, obscene and hoarse,
> Tales of unnumbered ships,
> Goodly and strong, companions of the advance,
> In some vile alley of the night
> Waylaid and bludgeoned—
> Dead.

These lines, like so many of Henley's later verse, are written in vers libre; he made for himself a rough, serviceable metre in unrhymed verse, full of twitching nerves and capable of hurrying or dragging. I have always

wondered whether it is an unreasonable prejudice that inclines me to question the wisdom of doing without rhyme in measures that seem to demand it. It is to be found in Tasso's "Aminta" in Leopardi, whose genius and structure are infinitely superior to Tasso's; in D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," where the metre is purely a means to an end, a dramatic end. In English verse I find the most perfect example of blank verse varied into half lyric measures in some of the speeches in Milton's "Samson Agonistes."

> But who is this? What thing of land or sea—
> Female of sex it seems—
> That is bedecked, ornate and gay,
> Comes this way sailing,
> Like a stately ship,
> Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
> Of Javan and Gadire,
> With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
> Sails filled, and streamers waving,
> Courted by all the winds that hold them play?

This in its way is perfect, but I have always felt as I feel now, that to do without rhyme is to do without one of the beauties of poetry: I should say, one of its inherent beauties.

Revolutionary always as I have said, Henley had a wholesome but perilous discontent with the conventions of verse and of language; he was always—in this I admired him—very emphatic in likes and in dislikes, always eagerly, honestly, never quite dispassionately. Original, brilliant, pictorial, his style tired one by its pungency, dazzled one by its glitter. Every word had to be emphatic and every strike had to score heavily—as his own speech always had to—and every sentence had to be an epigram. I have only to turn over the pages of Henley's prose to select one of his passionate utterances; it is on George Borrow, who is always true to that "peculiar mind and system of nerves" of which he is always aware, and which drove him into all sorts of cunning ways of telling the truth and of making it bewildering; who in those pages of "Lavengro," when he

describes his paroxysm of fear in the dingle, descends into some "obscure night of the soul."

"Lavengro emerges from the ordeal most consciously magnificent. Circumstantial as Defoe, rich in combinations as Lèsage, and with such an instinct of the picturesque, both personal and local, as none of them possessed, this strange wild man holds on his strange wild way, and leads you captive to the end. Moreover, that his dialogue should be set down in racy, nervous, idiomatic English, with a kind of language at once primitive and scholarly, forceful but homely—the speech of the artist in sods and turfs—if at first it surprise and charm, yet ends by seeming so natural and just that you go on to forget all about it, and accept the whole thing as the genuine outcome of a man's experience which it purports to be. Add that it is all entirely unsexual; that there is none with so poor an intelligence of the heart as woman moves it; that the book does not exist in which the relations between boy and girl are more miserably misrepresented than in 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye,' that that picturesque ideal of romance which, finding utterance in Huertado de Mendoza, was presently to appeal to such artists as Cervantes, Quevedo, Lèsage, Smollett, finds such expression in 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' as nowhere else."

We know that Rossetti had the genius of verbal mystery; that his verse has an actually hypnotic quality which exerts itself on those who come within his magic circle; that when Rossetti speaks, no other voice, for the moment, seems worth listening to; that, after he died, the world was not quite the same as it was before. What has Henley to say of him?

"But if he can read 'Sister Helen' without wishing that at least a third part of it had remained unwritten—or at least unpublished—then he has to show that he is fully alive to the perfection, and at every point awake to the completeness of 'Kubla Khan', and the 'Ode to a Nightin-

gale': that (in fine) he knows the difference between organic art and art that is inorganic in that the life it lives is only one of suggestions and phrases, the half of which we should have spared, and whose aggregate effect is to set us wondering if Milton were not a mistake, and if Shakespeare would not really be the better for a vast deal of chastisement."

Here Henley loses all his sense of values; even more so when he attempts—and how vainly!—to weigh in his slender balances the enormous, the tremendous, the creative genius of Balzac.

"He was the least capable and the most self-conscious of artists; his observation was that of an inspired and very careful auctioneer; he was a visionary and a fanatic; he was gross, ignorant, morbid of mind, cruel in heart, vexed with a strain of sadism that makes him on the whole corrupting and ignoble in effect."

Only a man with an ignoble mind could have written this venomous diatribe. On Rabelais he shoots no venom.

"For Rabelais clean is not Rabelais at all. His grossness is an essential component in his mental fabric, an element in whose absence he would not be Rabelais but somebody else."

He is almost as eloquent when he writes on Cyril Tourneur, as Swinburne.

"Tourneur's was a fierce and bitter spirit. The words in which he unpacked his heart are vitalized with passion. As for three or four lines in 'The Revenger's Tragedy', each is of such an amazing propriety, is so keenly discriminated, is so obviously the product of an imagination burning with rage and hate, that it strikes you like an affront: each is on incest taken in the fact and branded there and then."

I have written: "Essentially modern poetry may be said to have begun in France, with Baudelaire. The art which he invented, a perverse, self scrutinizing, troubled art of

sensation and nerves, has been further developed, subtilized, vitalized, rather, by Verlaine." The genius of Verlaine was, in a sense, abnormal; the man himself—who was during the years in which I knew him, genius personified—lived with more passion than any artist I have ever been acquainted with; every mood with him had the vehemence of a passion. No one, in my generation, ever got so much out of their lives, or lived so intensely, as Verlaine—who got out of every instant all that instant had to give him. His face was sombre, passionate, somnolent and feverish, drowsy like a half slumbering serpent; nervous, devoured with visions; a face out of which leapt sudden fire. His eyes were oblique, Chinese eyes; when half closed they had—the aspect of a cat, eyes between waking and sleeping; eyes in which—unlike as they were to the deep and dark, ardent and animal, magnetic eyes of Rossetti—contemplation was "itself an act."

Verlaine created an entirely new art of Poetry; French poetry, before Verlaine, was no more than an admirable vehicle for a really poetical kind of rhetoric: that is to say, with wonderful exceptions: Villon, the greatest poet who ever existed in France, apart from being shameless and disreputable, and for loving infamous things for their own sake, wrote in the "grand style," by daring to be absolutely sincere to himself. "The main part of the history of poetry in France," I said somewhere, "is the record of a long forgetting of all that Villon found out for himself."

After him came the famous "Pléiad": Seven stars in one constellation, of which the firiest were Pierre de Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay. Prose style, to them must be "parfait en toute élégance et vénusté de paroles." In verse that "lord of terrible aspect," Amor, has become "le petit enfant, Amour." These poets write love poems for hire—their loves, not literally on hire, being mostly imaginative. After one or two of Ronsard's exquisite lyrics the loveliest

lyric is Du Bellay's, "Of a Winnower of Wheat to the Winds."

> To you, light troop, I bring—
> You, who with wandering wing
> Over the wild world pass,
> And, when your murmurings wake,
> So sweetly tremble and shake
> The shadow-shaken grass—
> I bring these violets,
> Lilies and flowerets,
> I bring these roses too;
> These roses rosy-red
> Gathered from their flower-bed;
> These pinks I bring for you.
> With your cool breath and sweet
> This plain a-stir with heat
> In passing fan, I pray:
> The while I labour sore
> At my wheat-winnowing floor
> About the heat of day.

On these lines—whose sweetness cannot be got by crushing, as you crush wild herbs to get at their perfume—Pater writes: "A sudden light transfigures a trivial thing, a weather-vane, a windmill, a winnowing flail, the dust in the barn door; a moment—and the thing has vanished, because it was pure effect, but it leaves a relish behind it, a longing that the accident may happen again."

Now, in much of Villon's poetry, there are wonderful touches of modernity; as in the "Ballade de la Grosse Margot," which is a Teniers, and at the same time Parisian. So Pater, when he wrote on Ronsard in "Gaston de Latour," names that chapter "Modernity." The poetry of mere literature, like the dead body, could never bleed: a real blood rises before us in some of his lyrics, evoked by wizard's magic—the juice of flowers in which there was no juice, evoked, that is like blood or wine. Then there were perfumed words, like women's perfumes, with visible visions of tresses of twisted hair and spun silk and the delicate texture of cobwebs. And, as on this night when

I hear the moan of the wind outside my door, the wind's voice made audible in the stillness of the night, this moonlight night, covered with shining stars, so some song that might shape itself before me, rise as it were from my lips, might set as strange a music to the wind's wail as some song I have never read. Yet, who can define the meaning of the word Modernity? Every age has its different form of modernity. Poetry is Eternal.

I have referred to Yeats, whose lyrical verse had vision and an abstract ecstasy; something wild and passionate, in which one heard the wind's lament and the curlew's crying, the cry of Heart's Desire. Like so many poets he is never quite human—life being the last thing he has learnt. Never in these love songs, precise as their imagery is, does an earthly circumstance divorce ecstasy from the impersonality of vision. A man may indeed be a poet because he has written a single lyric. He will not be a poet in the full sense unless his work presents this undeviating aspect, as of one to whom the art of writing is no more than the occasional flowering of a mood into speech. Pope, if he lives at all as a poet, might live by this one line:

> Die of a rose in aromatic pain—

which remains his homage, unintentional under its irony, to that "principle of beauty in all things" which he never saw. Take for instance, Ernest Dowson: he has written one lyric, "Cynara", which is certainly one of the greatest lyrics of our generation, in which he has for once said everything, and he has said it to an intoxicating and perhaps immortal music. Here is the first stanza:

> Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine,
> There fell thy shadow, Cynara! Thy breath was shed
> Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
> And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
> Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
> I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

So, as I am concerned with Henley as a critic, it is amusing enough to give one violently absurd sentence of

John Davidson in his review of my Memoir of Dowson. "I say that this is not a great lyrical poem; that it is not even a remarkable poem; that the subject is not interesting; that it says nothing worth remembering; that it is the reverse of intoxicating; that it is not notably musical; and I say, further, that it calls for a libation of carbolic."

Robert Bridges, who derives the greater part of his lyrical inspiration from the Elizabethan song books, is never vehement, never passionate; he has brought no remote nor elusive magic into his verse; he is so scrupulous an artist that beauty must appear garbed in sober apparel; he writes with a deliberateness which has in it no excess; to him everything exists for form. He uses too many inversions; he puts needless accents on too many of his lines which make such lines barbarous. Many of his verses are certainly very difficult to scan; many of them are so incorrect as to be scarcely verses at all. He invents fine images "magic tents", "unmemorial scents", "faint altars of frightened fire", which are at once inevitable and unerring. I said somewhere that Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective which has never run in harness with it, and which rears and champs intractably at its side. At his finest he is almost unsurpassable, as in "The Nuptials of Attila", in which there is something convulsive, savage, supreme in the passion which informs its lines; a note sounded by no other poet in such rush of radiant speed and splendor. "Modern Love" is his masterpiece: it is packed with so naked an imagination that this atrocious, this aching and thrilling nakedness, hurts one, burns into one, like the touch of a corroding acid.

> These things are life:
> And life, they say, is worthy of the Muse.

All this certainly, can be called modernity in verse. Only, there is no touch of modernity in "The Defense of Guinevere" (1850) of William Morris; it is mediaeval, diabolical, sorcerous; has wild effects of wizardry in its

most passionate poems; it is lunar, made of sharp scents and bitter perfumes; of mad sunsets and blood-red moons; lovers swoon and faint, as in the verses of Keats, with no less languor and luxury. His most fatal lack was a lack of intensity. "Dreamer of dreams, born out of thy own time", he certainly was: and as a story-teller he can be compared only with Chaucer; only, Chaucer had an incomparably wider range of mastery; he had to his hand all the "humors of the world." Blake said of Chaucer: "Some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves forever remain unaltered. Names alter, things never alter." In these lines of Morris there is a haunting imagination made out of exotic symbols:

I sit on a purple bed,
Outside, the wall is red,
Thereby the apple hangs,
And the wasp, caught by its fangs,
Dies in the autumn night.
And the bat flits till light,
And the love-crazed knight
Kisses the long wet grass:
The weary days pass—
Gold wings across the sea!

In Thomas Hardy's verse there is something inscrutable, implacable, obscure, helf-inarticulate, in his meditations over Nature; and, unlike many poets who were on man's behalf angry with Nature, Hardy is sorry for Nature. He feels the earth's roots as they cling to the weeds, as if he had sap in his veins instead of blood. Turn aside from Hardy and think, for a moment, of the elemental passion of John Donne, who—like Marlowe before him—made a clear sweep of tradition; only, Donne puts everything down in the most modern words; the words rarely count for much, words meaning things: so, as a matter of fact, Donne's quality of passion is unique in English poetry: his senses speak with unparalleled directness; in his hate poems he is emulous of the hate poems of Catullus. Donne, who could leap to the heart of the matter in "Love, any devil

else but you!", and "For God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love!" writes a magical lyric—as magical as any lyric of Blake or Beddoes.

> Go and catch a falling star,
> Get with child a mandrake root,
> Tell me not where past years are,
> Or who cleft the devil's foot.

This has the same strange masculine splendor and abrupt energy as the last stanza of Blake's "Mad Song."

> Like a fiend in a cloud,
> With howling woe
> After night I do crowd,
> And with night will go;
> I turn my back to the East
> Whence comforts have increased;
> For light doth seize my brain
> With frantic pain.

Henley's verse, whenever it has been good, has always been a whisper, or a pathetic cry, or a lilt which seems to come from a long way off, like the sound of dance music in a village fair, heard across the fields. His brave lamentings over himself, and the pains of his body, in the "Hospital" poems; his impressions of streets, and parks and water, and the city seasons in the "London Voluntaries"; all the flitting snatches of song which he has scattered up and down his pages, have a personal quality, and strike a personal note. They are often speech rather than song; but, after all, there is room for speech in poetry when it is the utterance of an interesting personality, and really says something. Some of them are quite evanescent song, giving us the delight of music, with the least possible accompaniment of words. But in much of his verse, and notably in his patriotic pamphlet "For England's Sake", Henley shouts at the top of his voice, and his voice is not suited for shouting. His favorite Byron, it is true, often shouted, and Henley has been telling us that Byron is the only modern English poet worth reading; or, what he conceives to be the same thing, the only modern English poet whom he himself cares to read. But though Byron would have been a better

poet if he had never shouted at all, it cannot be denied that he shouted to uncommonly good effect, and that his voice carried to an uncommonly long distance. Henley is an exquisite poet with many limitations. He has not written much, but he has written too much. If he had given us only his very best, how good it would have been! But like most people whose range is limited, he seems to wish above all things to produce an effect of breadth. At his best naturally a delicate poet, he would be a vigorous and even ferocious poet. He came to us with a little book of verses in which were a few good lines, a few, as it were, accidental glimmerings of imagination, but not one poem. Some of it was like boyish verse done for play, some like journalistic verse done for an occasion, some like verse done as a challenge to Kipling. Now Kipling's verse, even where it is not slang, is rarely poetry; but it is, for the most part, clean and neat in its rhythmical swing, well adapted for the purposes of the music halls, easy to remember, even without tunes, praiseworthy in its control of the means of charity, and, in short, a genuine article of its kind. But Henley has been too good a poet to be able to compete with Kipling on the level of this particular kind of platform. Kipling is like a practised musician on that strange orchestra which we see sometimes in the street, clinging around one performer: he nods his head, and the bells tinkle about his pagoda shaped hat, he stamps his foot and the drum stick bangs the drum and sets the cymbals clapping on his back, and all the while he is playing a concertina with both his hands, and perhaps blowing into a pan-pipe with his mouth. But Henley never got accustomed to his orchestra before coming out into the street. The drum stick fell on the wrong beat, the cymbals would not clash, the concertina would lose its way in the tune. He should have been playing on a flute in the fields, and instead of this he strayed into a noisy profession, which did not suit him.

THE DRAMA WITH A MISSION

By A. B. WALKLEY

LECTURING the other day in London on the "pièce-à-thèse," M. Brieux preached for his own saint. Who has a better right to plead for the thesis play then the foremost of living thesis-playwrights? In a sense the subject was "academic." At the present moment the vogue of thesis-plays has vanished or is suspended. Theatrical genres come and go. Blank verse tragedy is just now "out;" it may some day be "in" again. French romantic drama in alexandrines was thought to be dead till Rostand revived it. And as ideas about human conduct must needs interest us all, even in the theatre, plays designed to illustrate and enforce such ideas will, however intermittently, continue to be produced. Indeed, there is a thesis to be found, by those who look for it, in every play, just as there are sermons in stones and books in the running brooks. To contemplate real life is to draw a lesson from it. So it is with mimic life. But M. Brieux and his fellow thesis-mongers are seldom content to provide you with the mimic life and let you draw your lesson, as an afterthought; for them too often the lesson is the thing, and the spectacle of life, the "fable," as our forefathers used to say, only the jam to the powder. This is to forget that thesis was made for drama, not drama for thesis. Thesis may be used by drama but not use it. Though a play may contain a lesson, it should not be didactic.

What is a dramatic thesis? A moral judgment on the mutual actions and reactions of human beings in a given situation. If the actions are convincingly and artistically represented, the moral judgment is brought home. It has

been said that you cannot prove a case by manufacturing the evidence, and that a thesis-play is the continual application of a sophism: inference from the particular to the general. But the validity of the evidence is in the sympathy of the spectator, and the judgment in the particular case legitimately extends, "mutatis mutandis," to similar cases. All practical judgments, outside the playhouse as well as within it, are approximative. The easiest way of invalidating the judgment—and this is the pitfall of the thesis-play—is by imperfect artistic representation of the case.

There is, then, no *a priori* objection to thesis-plays. All subjects are open to the artist, provided that he remains an artist in treating them. You cannot say beforehand that any subject will be suitable for any particular art. The day has long gone by when a Lessing could insist that some things were proper for poetic treatment and others for painting. The moment you make a law of that sort some artist comes along and knocks it endways. You cannot say that ideas about conduct are unsuitable for dramatic treatment; indeed, the very contrary is the case. But the treatment must be consistently, unswervingly dramatic. There is not only room, but need, in the theatre for thesis-plays. But they must, before everything, be plays.

That this indispensable condition is sometimes ignored is, no doubt, the consequence of the playwright's obsession by his thesis; he wishes to drive it home at all costs, even at the cost of appropriate dramatic expression. But he has this excuse for his error: that the world for a very long time held a mistaken view of art, the view that art was primarily didactic, and to be judged by its moral lesson. That view, for instance, vitiated nearly the whole of Greek criticism. The Greek mind had not learnt to distinguish between nature and art, between the world as will and the world as expression, between life itself and the spectacle of life *minus* the will-to-live. Solon is said to have indignantly asked Thespis how he could tell so many lies.

For Plato stories in our own sense were "stories" in what is still the nursery sense, or falsehoods. It was the same mental confusion that led Aristotle to the conclusion that the hero of tragedy must be neither very good nor very bad and that his fate must be determined by error, not by wickedness. So Aristophanes praised Homer as a teacher of good life, and censured Euripides as the reverse.

Nothing is more striking in the history of the theatre than the persistence of this tendency to confuse dramatic art and didactic morality, the tendency, as Sancho Panza would say, to mix up cabbages and baskets. It permeated Eighteenth Century criticism, which always looked for a direct moral, so that you have Johnson saying of "Timon of Athens" that "the catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against ostentatious liberality," and saying of "As You Like It" that "by hastening to the end of his work Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost the opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson, in which he might have found the matter worthy of his highest powers," and preferring Tate's Lear to Shakespeare's because it 'showed the final triumph of persecuted virtue." But the great champion of the didactic was Diderot. "It is always," he wrote, "virtue and virtuous people that a man ought to bear in view when he writes. Oh, what good would a man gain if all the arts of imitation proposed one common object, and were one day to unite with the laws in making us love virtue and hate vice."

We may complacently think that this "moralistic," didactic view of art has long since been "scrapped." Not so! It still survives in the numerous public who care naught for the demerits of a novel as a novel or of a play as a play, in comparison with its merits as a tract. It still survives in Mr. Bernard Shaw, to whom all art (he has said it) is propagandism, and who blithely sacrifices to the theatrical propagation of his ideas such trifles as dramatic form, unity and propriety. That his ideas are always

stimulating, and occasionally true, it would be absurd to deny; and it would be as absurd to deny that he not infrequently fails to "lick them into shape" for the stage. Whenever that happens, one has to say that his plays, whatever else they may be—discussion, paradoxologies, triumphs of propaganda—are not plays. The fact is, it is easier to be a propagandist than a dramatic artist. A dramatic artist, *bien entendu,* not a purveyor of popular drama. For plays can be bad art from many other causes than a mistaken preference of ideas over form. Bad art for bad art, the Shavian is a thousand times better than the commercial variety. If Mr. Shaw is an imperfect artist, he is a brilliant dialectician, and a personality of immense interest. The intellectual world would be the poorer without him. But in his aesthetics he belongs less to our intellectual world of to-day than to that old intellectual world, the world of believers in art and didactics, of which I have been speaking.

In modern aesthetics we have arrived, thanks to Benedetto Croce, at a better understanding of the fundamental problem, the nature of art. We see now that art is pure expression, warmed by emotion; that it is, in Croce's word, "lyrical"; and that, if a moral judgment or thesis is to enter effectively into a work of art it must be really absorbed, melted into the other lyric motives of the work, which must be all subordinated to the artistic form. This was the meaning of the advice to playwrights with a thesis which Croce quotes from the great Italian critic of the last century, De Sanctis: *Volete servire veramente alle vostre idee morali, nell'arte? Vi do un consiglio semplicissimo: non ci pensate.* That is to say, don't let perpetual thought of your thesis run away with your play; the thesis should inform, not deform it.

The bad thesis-play, then, is a play wherein the thesis has not been fully absorbed and become an integral part of the artistic whole. It is not the work of an artist who has in his mind, along with his other "lyrical" motives,

a thesis to express; it indicates, rather, the impotence of the artist who clutches at the thesis because he doesn't know how to embrace the art. Half-absorbed theses do not make plays. They do not even make good propaganda. For dramatic propaganda ceases to be effective when it ceases to be dramatic.

So far is M. Brieux from recognizing this view of the relation of thesis to art that he seems to aim at leaving the one less and less absorbed in the other. At the lecture already mentioned he actually advocated a form of drama which should consist of layers of lecture sandwiched between chunks of action. Away, then, with all continuity of "fable," all unity of artistic form! This is to outbid Mr. Shaw, who does, after all, cut up his lectures into bits and distribute them among his personages in the guise of conversations. To do M. Brieux justice, his practice lags behind his principles. He does not stop the action of his plays for lecture-intervals. Where his thesis is apt to overpower him is in the very framework of the play and, less frequently, in the turn taken by the action. Thus, he writes to enforce certain ideas about charity-organization ("Les Bienfaiteurs"), about the medical profession ("L'Evasion"), about lawyers ("La Robe Rouge"), about marriage and spinsterhood ("Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont"). These ideas involve the exhibition of various types, and nothing will satisfy him but to exhaust the catalogue of all the possible types, whether they belong naturally to the story or whether they have to be taken by the scruff of the neck and dragged in. You have a crowd of lawyers, of charity-mongers, of doctors; you wonder why some of them are there until you see that they are necessary to complete, not the story, but the collection dictated by the thesis. You have the sense of deliberate arrangement and artificial composition. The author has had one eye on his demonstration and the other on life, and the two eyes are out of focus. How "Les Trois Filles", for the greater part a good piece of drama, observed

character and sincere passion, is marred by the artificial symmetry of its close, the three women uttering the equal misery of their respective conditions (matron, spinster, prostitute) in a kind of three part dirge! This apocalyptic lamentation seemed to belong less to a dramatic picture of real life than to some mediaeval morality—"Everywoman." It is needless to speak of "Les Avariés", which conscientiously collects every possible physical and social consequence of a certain disease—a socio-pathological tract, not a play.

There is a fine saying of La Bruyère: "If a work elevates your mind and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek no other rule for judging it; it is good and wrought by a master-hand." This is an excellent rule whereby to judge M. Brieux. For, whatever occasional errors of art his devotion to the thesis may have led him into, the spirit that has prompted that devotion has always been of the finest: generosity of mind, high bravery, a sensitive and chivalrous humanity. There is no "Parisianism" about him, in the pejorative sense of that word; he is all simplicity, earnestness and candor. If it has to be added that he has no style, that only makes him more suitable for exportation. Indeed, he seems likely to be reckoned among those authors who have more influence abroad than at home. And, whenever the thesis-play comes into fashion again, the wise will turn to Brieux's works as the classics of the kind.

FULFILMENT

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Grieve not, Beloved
That the roses we had planted have decayed—
That the flare of fervid music has passed by.
Maybe the paler lilies have delayed
And a chant of purer melody is nigh.

REDEEMING THE BESSARABIANS

By PRINCE ANTOINE BIBESCO

FREDERICK the Great once said that when he wanted to annex a province he went and annexed it, and afterward hired professors to prove his right to possession. It may be entered to the credit of the late Imperial Russian Government that it did not hire professors to prove its title to Bessarabia, a Roumanian province which was under the scepter of the Czar for one hundred and six years, from 1812 to 1918. During this period Roumania had the right to Bessarabia, but Russia had Bessarabia. That Russia had a title in point of law has not occurred to Russians until after Bessarabia ceased to be a province of Russia in point of possession.

This is the outstanding fact of the controversy centering around the award of the Allied Supreme Council, in the autumn of 1920, confirming Roumania in the possession of Bessarabia, or rather confirming the reunion of that province with the Roumanian kingdom, effected by the free will of the Bessarabian population in the resolution of the Bessarabian Council on March 27, 1918. That award merits attention as one of the clearest examples of triumphant justice among the territorial readjustments consequent upon the Great War.

Since 1812 Bessarabia has been a province of the Russian Empire. It was not, and has never been, a Russian province. There is perhaps in the whole history of European "Machtpolitik" no more glaring instance of sheer international robbery than this annexation. The wrong suffered by Bessarabia and her Roumanian motherland was all the more intolerable because it was practically unnoticed. The

very existence of Bessarabia was, until our day, unknown except to a few specialists. The same good people who used to believe that the Ukraine was a musical instrument imported from Hawaii, and that both Gallipoli and Galicia were in Spain, thought, when they saw the name Bessarabia in print, that it was part of Arabia.

Few countries in the world have such clearly defined natural boundaries as Bessarabia, in reality a quadrilateral peninsula defined by the rivers Dniester or, in Roumanian, Nistru, in the northeast, the Pruth in the west, the Danube and the Black Sea in the south and southeast. Only for a narrow strip of land in the extreme northwest can Bessarabia be entered without crossing water. But these natural boundaries of the country are not, like mountains or deserts, barriers as well; they invited, rather than discouraged, invasion.

At the dawn of its history Bessarabia was populated by Scytho-Thracian tribes which formed part of the Dacian state conquered by Rome under Trajan. Bessarabia was not incorporated in the Roman province of Dacia, but Roman influence made itself felt. Trajan's wall, partly still extant, was built to check the raids of the northern barbarians attracted by the treasures of Byzantium; and from that time on until our very day, the line of Bessarabian history was determined by the fact that the province formed the back door, as it were, to Constantinople.

Bessarabia re-emerges from the Dark Ages at the end of the thirteenth century, already as a purely Roumanian country forming part of the domains of the House of Basarab, reigning princes of Wallachia or Muntenia. The Basarab rulers gave the province its modern name; but the term Bessarabia originally applied to the whole territory ruled by them. In the second half of the fifteenth century, Stephen the Great, prince of Moldavia, took by conquest the land between the Pruth and Dniester from his southern neighbor; but even before the end of his reign the Turks snatched from him the southern half of the province. This

southern Bessarabia, called by the Turks Budjak, stayed under direct rule from Stamboul until 1812; while the northern half remained part of Moldavia until the same year, though it was frequently raided and held for short intervals by Poles, Cossacks, and Crimean Tartars.

The year 1812 was the turning point in Bessarabian history. Pressed by the impending war with Napoleon, the Czar Alexander first prepared to make peace with the Turks at almost any price; but his commander-in-chief, Kutuzov, succeeded in bribing the Turkish negotiators, Morouzi and Ghalib Effendi, who thereupon suppressed a letter from Napoleon, encouraging the Porte to resist Russian demands. In his anxiety to end the war the Sultan ceded to the Czar the part of Moldavia east of the Pruth, and the Budjak—in other words, the whole of modern Bessarabia. The treaty of Bucharest was signed on May twenty-eighth, 1812, and the fate of Bessarabia was sealed for more than a century. When their treason was discovered, Morouzi and Ghalib were decapitated; "but so was Moldavia," mournfully remarks a Roumanian historian.

This partition of their country was a terrible disappointment to the Moldavian patriots who hoped that Russian victory would liberate them from Ottoman sovereignty. At first their apprehensions were mitigated by the liberal promises of the Russian government. Within a few years the Russian government, true to its methods pursued in Poland and Finland, inaugurated a policy of Russification and oppression. The basic law of 1818, by which the Czar Alexander allowed national autonomy, equality of the Russian and Moldavian languages, and the perpetuation of the old Moldavian statutes, was revoked by Nicholas first in 1828. Russian officials were appointed to all posts. Russian schools and seminaries were opened, and the Roumanian institutions suppressed; the use of Latin characters was prohibited, and Roumanian books, if authorized

at all, had to be printed in the Cyrillic script.

Unfortunately certain sections of the upper classes yielded only too readily to this tendency of Russification. Some of the greatest families, with the characteristic zeal of the convert, became more Russian than the Russians themselves; and in our days we find men like Kroupensky and Purishkievitch, scions of originally Roumanian noble families of Bessarabia, among the most ardent supporters of Czaristic reaction. There were, however, men both of the nobility and the professional class, who kept their Roumanian nationality in spite of oppression and persecution; and these true Bessarabian patriots preserved the Roumanian tradition of the country unbroken unto our time.

The policy of Russification continued until the Crimean war, at the close of which European powers decided that Russia was not to have a base on the Danube delta. The treaty of Paris therefore recognized Moldavia's right to Bessarabia; but only the three southern districts, Izmail, Cahul and Bolgrad, with their mixed population, were actually reannexed. This makeshift settlement left northern and central Bessarabia, with its compact mass of Roumanian population, under Russian sovereignty; nevertheless it revived the hope for complete reunion. These hopes were shattered by the outcome of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. Although the Roumanian statesmen suspected from the beginning that one of Russia's chief aims was the recovery of all Bessarabia, they chose to ally their country to the Roumanian cause because they saw that the alternative, in case of a Turkish victory, would be the reincorporation of the whole of Roumania in the Ottoman empire. A treaty guaranteeing Roumania's territorial integrity with Russia, was concluded on April sixteenth, 1877.

The Roumanian army not only distinguished itself from the beginning of the war, but actually saved the Russian army from disaster at Plevna. This is attested by telegrams exchanged by King Carol and the Czar. There were

patriots who hoped that as a reward Russia would restore the whole of Bessarabia to the Roumanian motherland. One may imagine Roumanian public sentiment when, on the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano, the Roumanian government was informed that Russia demanded the retrocession of southern Bessarabia as a matter of political necessity and Russian prestige, offering in exchange the marshy country of Dobrogea, south of the Danube delta. It was explained that the treaty guaranteeing Roumania's integrity was not meant to include Bessarabia. Against this unspeakable treachery the Roumanian government applied to the western powers for aid. And now followed the bitterest disappointment in all Roumanian history. At the Congress of Berlin, convened to settle the problems arising from the Russo-Turkish war, the Roumanian delegates, Bratianu and Cogalniceanu, were not even admitted to the discussions, but were heard only in an informatory capacity. Russia's demand was granted; southern Bessarabia was restored to the realm of the Czar. Bismarck achieved his will: a wedge of distrust and resentment was driven between Russia and Roumania.

The period of 1878 to 1905 embraces the darkest days of modern Bessarabian history. Russian tyranny held its uncontested sway; the upper classes succumbed to the lures of Petrograd and Moscow; the peasantry toiled in lethargy; the upholders of the Roumanian cause were imprisoned, sent to Siberia, or exiled abroad. The last vestiges of the old autonomy were abolished. The hopes of Bessarabian patriots were kindled for a moment by the period of quasi-liberalism that followed the disastrous war with Japan in 1905. But in 1908 reaction was reentrenched, more safe and arrogant than ever.

At the outbreak of the European war Bessarabian nationalists, like the liberals of western Europe, expected from Allied victory the dawn of a new freedom in Russia, and hoped that this free Russia would reward Roumanian

support to the Allies' cause by the restoration of Bessarabia. The collapse of the Russian empire thwarted this hope, but allowed its realization in a different form. Immediately after the outbreak of the Russian revolution the movement for autonomy, long dormant, was revived in all the border provinces of the Empire inhabited by non-Russians. A national committee, established at Kishinev, began to work out plans for local self-government, agrarian reform, military reorganization, a Bessarabian budget, and guarantees of the rights of the non-Roumanian minority. When, in November 1917, the Bolsheviks came into power, they at once denied the authority of the National Committee and threatened to set up a Soviet. As a result, the so-called "Sfatul Tsarei" (National Council) was formed and invested with the character of a Constituent Assembly. It comprised one hundred and forty-seven delegates, out of whom one hundred and five were Roumanians, the rest Ukrainians, Jews, Germans, and Bulgars, respectively fifteen, thirteen, two and four. On December fifteenth, 1917, the Sfatul Tsarei declared Bessarabia an independent republic. A week later the provisional government sent an urgent request to the Roumanian government for military aid against the Bolsheviki. Early in January the Bolsheviks invaded the country and took Kishinev, but a week later the Roumanian aid arrived and the province was cleared of the Reds. On March twenty-seventh, 1918, the Sfatul Tsarei proclaimed the union of Bessarabia with Roumania. The wrong of a century was righted.

This, in brief, is a survey of the historic facts upon which certain Russian patriots presume to base "historic rights" to possession.

For whatever claim to the ownership of Bessarabia has been put forward from the Russian side has been supported by an appeal to historic rights, and historic rights only. Turning to ethnographic conditions, all one has to do to prove the Roumanian character of the province is to look up the official Russian statistics and other Russian accounts.

According to the official Russian census of 1897, forty-seven and one-sixth per cent of the Bessarabian population (total one billion, nine hundred and thirty-five million, four hundred and twelve) is Moldavian; but the official Russian census makers are notorious for partiality; and indeed, other Russian statistics, dated 1891, put the percentage of Moldavians at sixty-six. Of the two, the latter is the more likely figure. At the general elections in November, 1919, held on the basis of universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage, seventy-eight deputies out of ninety elected were Roumanians, and twelve belonged to the national minorities —whose rights, by the way, are fully protected by law.

An interesting summary of testimony proving the Roumanian ethnic character of Bessarabia is a pamphlet by Ion G. Pelivan, ex-member of the Sfatul Tsarei, published in 1920 at Paris under the title of "The Right of the Roumanians to Bessarabia." Out of the twenty-three sources quoted, sixteen are Russian. They include statements by L. A. Casso, Russian minister of education, General Kuropatkin (of Japanese war fame) P. P. Semenoff-Tian-Chiansky, vice-president of the Imperial Geographical Society, and a report of the Russian General Staff. This last named document, dated 1862, declares: "The Moldavians (Roumanians) form the chief part of the population, about three-fourths of the total number." In the face of this formidable array of evidence, historic and ethnographic, the Russian claim presented to the Allied Supreme Council was gathered around the argument that in 1812 Russia had acquired Bessarabia, not from Roumania, which then was not yet independent, but from Turkey. Applying the same argument to Austro-Italian relations, Austria would be entitled to Venice on the ground that that city was acquired not from Italy, which was not at the time independent, but from Napoleon!

Historically and ethnically a Roumanian land, Bessarabia today is again an integral part of the Roumanian state whose frontiers, for the first time in two thousand years,

again coincide with those of ancient Dacia. Without the incorporation of Bessarabia the achievement of Roumanian national unity, which was the one aim of Roumania in the world war, would not be complete. At the same time the possession of Bessarabia, with its uniquely fertile black soil, its vineyards, and its wonderful water system, is economically vital to the new Roumania. It also insures for Roumania control of the Danube delta, which is a strategic as well as commercial necessity of the first order. It should not be forgotten that Russia craved possession of the province for this very reason. Restoration to the mother country was, for Bessarabia itself, the first step on the road toward a new democratic prosperity. With its national aspirations achieved, the people of Bessarabia immediately turned their attention to the solution of its most important problem: the land reform. Today the execution of the Roumanian land reform law is in full swing in Bessarabia, as elsewhere in the kingdom. All the property held by the state and church, as well as private estates over one hundred hectares, is appropriated, the owners receiving indemnities fixed by the government. Thus the best weapon of Bolshevist propaganda is shattered. It may be added that the landed proprietors submitted to the appropriations gracefully and in a patriotic spirit—all except the small but noisy Russianized minority of nobles, men of the Kroupensky type whose passionate protests against the reunion with Roumania, dictated principally by the fear of the drastic Roumanian land reform scheme, were fortunately unheeded by the Supreme Council.

Bessarabia, detached from the body of the Roumanian nation, was a problem, a sore on the European organism, a classic example of that manifest international injustice which is the breeder of wars. Bessarabia, redeemed and reunited, is today moving along the road of civilization and progress—one of the sections of the old world to whose peoples the war has brought, if not the answer to all their questions, at least the possibility of answering them in their own way, according to their own desires.

THE FERTILE LAND OF VERGIL

By His Excellency ROLANDI RICCI

DURING the past twenty or thirty years Italy has greatly developed her economic forces, especially in the field of industry. But the chief source of the national wealth is still agriculture, to which large capital and much labor have been devoted. Since pre-Roman times the Italians have known that the land is always prodigal to those who cultivate it. In "De Senectute" Cicero wrote:

> Terra numquam recusat imperium, nec unquam sine usura reddit quod accessit; sed alias minore plaerumque majore cum foenore.

The Italian peasant cultivates his land with a care and industry which is noticeable even in this country, where the best orchards, orange, and lemon groves, and the richest vineyards are almost always the work of Italian immigrants.

Before the war over nine million people were engaged in agricultural pursuits. The total land and forest production in 1913 was estimated at a value of seven billions of gold lire, so that, according to the present standard of prices, the total value of Italy's agricultural production is over thirty billion lire. The high efficiency of agriculture in Italy is chiefly due to the continuous and intensive work of the farmers, who have endeavored for centuries to overcome difficulties peculiar to the soil. Gradually, with laborious determination in spite of mountains, lakes and rivers, Italy has become one of the countries of Europe with the largest area of cultivated land. Statistics show

that ninety-two percent of the geographical surface of Italy is given over to agricultural or forestal production.

In a stricter sense, there is no uncultivated land in Italy. Tracts so classified are largely incapable of cultivation, either because of high altitude or because of the sandy or marshy character of the soil. However, the increased population of the country makes it imperative that new agricultural tracts be found, and work is under way for redeeming marshy tracts and land along the shores of the sea, around lakes, and along rivers.

In order to further exploit the possible resources of the Italian soil, many kinds of herbaceous and ligneous plants are being cultivated. The great variety of Italian agriculture must always be kept in mind in judging the value of the products which cannot be judged except on the basis of the average production of cereals. In fact, while before the war the production of cereals averaged the low figure of about two quintals per hectare, in 1919 it averaged a money value of two hundred and sixty gold lire per hectare, which is a notable average, if we compare it with the average production of other countries. In the years before the war there had been a constant increase in the raising of staple products. The necessity of adapting the choice of agricultural products to natural conditions had made it impossible to raise cereals in sufficient quantity for the needs of the population. But the deficiency in the raising of cereals was compensated by the returns of other products, such as grapes, olives, silk worms, and hemp, wherewith Italy had a prominent place among the most important producing countries.

The war brought about a temporary halt in the development of agriculture, owing especially to the lack of labor and fertilizers. But in 1920 we notice, in comparison with the preceding year, a significant resumption in the exports of the principal products, as shown by the following figures:

Products	Average for 1909-1915	Year 1919	Year 1920	Decrease or increase by percentage in 1920 as compared with 1919
Wheat (Thousands of quintals)	48,863	46,203	40,065	— 13.3%
Corn	26,447	21,806	22,000	+ 1.0
Oats	5,038	5,036	3,927	— 30.5
Barley	2,130	1,813	1,324	— 30.
Rye	1,316	1,161	1,214	— 4.6
Rice	4,971	4,867	4,300	— 11.6
Potatoes ...	16,403	13,875	14,000	+ 0.9
Sugar Beets	16,900	15,162	15,000	— 1.1
Hemp (Fibre)	881	943	1,000	+ 6.0
Linen (Fibre)	27	24	25	+ 4.2
Wine (Thousands of hectol't's)	41,742	35,002	43,000	+ 22.9
Oil (Thousands of hectol't's)	1,766	1,600	.....	...
Silk Cocoons	407	195	280	+ 43.2

Wheat is cultivated over a large area and in a greater quantity than any other product in Italy. The density of the population (one hundred and twenty-eight inhabitants per square kilometer) has made it necessary to grow wheat even on tracts of land which would have been more suitable for the development of timber or for sheep raising. We thus find that sixteen per cent of the territorial surface of Italy is given over to wheat production, an average which, considering the particular character of the soil, exceeds the average of the other countries of the world. In the quantity of wheat production Italy stands second among the leading European countries, closely following France, who, in the six years before the war, produced an average of eighty-six million, four hundred and four thousand quintals of wheat per year, and in 1920 an average of sixty-two million, seven hundred and six thousand quintals. If, however, one considers wheat production in relation with territorial extent, Italy leads even among the exporting nations.

WHEAT PRODUCTION IN PROPORTION WITH TERRITORIAL EXTENT
(AVERAGE OF YEARS 1914 TO 1919)

Countries	Quintals per Square Kilometer	
Italy	159	
France	143	(1914 only)
England	56	
United States	29	
Argentina	16	

The figures quoted above show what Italy has done in an effort to raise on her own soil the greater part of the wheat required by her inhabitants. The post-war legislation on this matter shows that the Italian government is endeavoring to encourage the production of wheat. However, as the total consumption of wheat in Italy averages seventy-two thousand quintals per year, the importation of large quantities of it is still necessary.

Rye, barley, and oats are not commonly grown in Italy. Corn is being raised in smaller quantity than formerly, although it still maintains a fairly high level of production, averaging about one-third that of wheat. The cultivation of rice is of special importance, because of the large crops. In some rice-fields, where modern methods are employed, the output of rice has been as high as eighty quintals per hectare (about two acres.) Before the war the exportation of rice from Italy averaged about eight hundred thousand quintals a year. Several varieties of beans, peas, and lentils are raised throughout Italy to an extent of about seven million quintals yearly. The exportation of dry vegetables, which before the war amounted to about three hundred thousand quintals a year, has been resumed successfully, and in 1919 about two hundred and seventeen thousand quintals were exported.

The conditions of soil and climate of many regions of Italy, especially the south, are suitable for the cultivation of fresh vegetables. The production is varied and plentiful,

aggregating about twelve million quintals yearly. The exportation of onions, garlic, cabbages, and cauliflower, melons, and watermelons has been and continues to be large. The exportation of tomato sauce, which in 1919 was estimated at about three hundred and fourteen thousand quintals, with a value of one hundred million lire, is especially noteworthy.

Of major importance for export are the ligneous plants, namely the grape vine, olive, mulberry, orange, lemon, and other fruit trees. Great progress has been made in Italy in the cultivation of grape for wine production, and in this industry Italy occupies a leading place among the wine producing countries of the world.

WINE PRODUCTION
(ANNUAL AVERAGE FOR PERIOD 1915 TO 1919)

Countries	Thousands of Hectolitres
Italy	35,628
France	36,903
Spain	19,507
Algeria	6,855

Some varieties of Italian wines have acquired a world-wide fame which insures their extensive exportation.

EXPORT OF WINES FROM ITALY

Years	In barrels (Hectolitres)	In bottles (number)	Total value
1913	1,603,232	18,403,300	L.it. 82,524,500
1918	2,695,113	8,457,500	452,276,700
1919	638,911	8,734,000	191,841,526

This exportation was relatively limited in 1919, owing to a mediocre crop in 1918 and 1919. The abundant harvest of 1920 should make possible a successful resumption of this export. The cultivation of the vine also provides grapes and raisins for export, the value of which, before the war, was about ten million lire yearly.

Italy ranks high also in the cultivation of the olive and the exportation of olive oil.

PRODUCTION OF OLIVE OIL IN 1918

Countries	Thousands of quintals
Italy	2,601
Spain	2,552
Greece	1,215
Tunis	390
Portugal (1917)	349
Algeria (1917)	116

The prevalence of blights has impeded the extension of olive cultivation. However, the production has been such as to permit the exportation of this commodity.

The extensive growth of mulberry, especially in northern Italy, permits a large production of silk worms, which furnish the raw material for Italy's flourishing silk industries. In this production Italy leads the nations of Europe.

The orange and lemon groves produce about eight million quintals of fruit annually. Of this production fifty-two per cent consists of lemons, for which there is large demand in foreign countries. The total exportation of oranges and lemons before the war aggregated about four thousand three hundred quintals, valued at eighty-five millions of lire. In 1919, two thousand one hundred millions were exported. The resumption of normal commercial relations may make way for a large increase in these exports. It is to be especially noted that Italy has almost a monopoly of citrous derivatives, chief among which is the output of citrous essences and citrate of calcium. Italian production in these two derivatives covers nine-tenths of the entire world output.

The climate of some zones in Italy, especially in the south, is admirably adapted to the cultivation of fruit. The fertility and moisture of the soil in southern Italy produces incomparable results. Italian fruit, either dry, as almonds, pistacchi, etc. and figs; or fresh, such as cherries, apricots, peaches, apples, pears, etc., is in great demand in all markets. Italy is a country of early maturing fruits which are in great demand in the northern countries where the

seasons are much later than in Italy. These exports, diminished in volume during the last years because of war influences, tend now to increase, as much care is being given to the cultivation of fruit, and they may become one of the greater sources of national agrarian wealth.

EXPORT OF FRUIT FROM ITALY

	Fresh Fruit		Dried Fruit	
Years	Quintals	Lire	Quintals	Lire
1913	1,888,400	66,512,800	587,300	50,990,800
1914	210,900	27,568,075	535,900	220,875,875

The cultivation of hemp places Italy in a preeminent position among the nations of Europe in the production of industrial fibre. Because of its excellent quality Italian hemp is in great demand, especially as a substitute for linen fibre. In 1919 Italy exported three hundred and fifty, nine hundred and fifty-five quintals of this product, valued at over two hundred million lire.

Beet culture, although of recent introduction, is well under way, and has permitted the production of sugar in such a measure as to nearly satisfy the needs of the nation.

In 1920, one hundred and twenty-five thousand quintals of tobacco, which for fiscal reasons is a state monopoly, were produced. The production of fodder has increased to an average of two hundred and fifty thousand quintals. Cattle raising is also on the increase, so that the nation's zootechnic wealth, notwithstanding the war losses, presents a favorable outlook.

	Heads	
Kind of cattle	March 1908	April 1918
Horses	955,878	989,786
Asses	849,723	949,162
Mules and Pack Horses	388,337	496,743
Cattle	6,198,861	6,239,741
Buffalo	19,366	24,026
Swine	2,507,798	2,338,926
Ovines	11,162,926	11,753,910
Kids	2,714,878	3,082,558

There are certain prospects for the future development

of Italian agriculture, since the ensuing years will mark a great increase in works of irrigation because of the hydraulic derivatives through electric power plants, the cost of which is largely borne by consumers of electric power. The growing production of fertilizer and agricultural machinery, the founding of new agricultural schools, and the sending of teachers of agriculture from place to place to teach modern methods, all give promise of progress. The increase of agrarian production and the resumption of normal commercial relations will contribute to the re-establishment of pre-war conditions of agricultural production. Italy will need to import some of her cereals, and besides will be always in condition to absorb great quantities of raw materials of agricultural origin, necessary to her industries if they would successfully widen their scope.

While agricultural production in Italy cannot suffice for all the needs of the nation, it can still permit the exportation of large quantities of agricultural products much desired in other countries, thus counter-balancing in a large measure the cost of other imports.

In his "De Re Rustica," Cato observed already in his time that:

> ... at ex agricolis et viri fortissimi et milites strenuissimi gignuntur.

In our time, Italy has seen her farmers become strong and brave soldiers, resisting on the Piave and on the Grappa the Austro-Hungarian forces, which being then no longer engaged against Serbia or Russia, threw their whole strength against Italy. Unaided, the Italian army bore the weight of the onslaught, and hurled it back. The first decisive victory of the World War was won at Vittorio Veneto through the bravery of those Italian soldiers. Italy confidently expects from her farmers, in cooperation with her sailors and industrial workers, the greatest contribution toward the reconstruction of her national economics. "Con l'aratro e la prora"—"With the plow and the prow."

BUSINESS FIGHTING FOR EXISTENCE

By COL. ROBERT M. THOMPSON

LAST year less than one-half of one per cent of the people paid taxes to the United States on incomes of six thousand dollars or over. For months, Congress has been struggling to provide a new Revenue Bill that would comply with the promises of the Republicans to simplify and decrease taxes. Of course, taxes can be decreased only if expenses are decreased, and President Harding has done yeoman service in reducing expenses, but for a long time to come we will have bitter reminders of the great war in the shape of heavy taxes.

The debates in Congress show that the Democratic members are taking an impish delight in hampering and bewildering the Republicans. The Republicans, lacking strong leadership, have foundered dismally. They have depended largely upon the experts of the Treasury, and apparently these experts are controlled by only one idea, and that is to get the last cent possible out of every rich taxpayer.

To understand what a good revenue bill should be, we must consider the problem that has to be solved. The true income of the country consists of real things; the raw materials of food, fuel, clothes and shelter; the necessities of life, which are produced annually from the ground. The so-called business of the country consists of transporting these raw materials to places where they are manufactured into shapes in which they can be consumed, and the final distribution of such things to the consumer. Substantially everything produced each year is consumed in that year.

In the past, federal taxes have been as far as possible indirect; that is, as far as possible the people were deceived into believing that they were not paying taxes. For many years large taxes were levied through the tariff law which was so adjusted as to benefit the owners of factories. After the trades unions got into power, the unions began to absorb all the benefit of the tariff. In the distribution of the real things, men who owned, and men who worked in factories, got a larger proportional share of the annual product than did the farmers. When the trades unions were first organized, the sympathy of the country was with the working man, and unions have been able to obtain for their members a scale of wages to support their so-called American standard of living. In the meantime, the farmers have been educated up to recognize that whenever a large class like the railway employees or the factory employees in general get more than a fair share, the result inevitably is that the farmers get less than a fair share. Now the whirligig of politics has placed in the hands of the Senators representing agricultural states the balance of power. They are able to dictate to the Republican Party what the new revenue bill is to be, and apparently their idea is that the proper thing to do is to take advantage of this opportunity and get square for their sufferings in the past.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that the imbecility of the masses invited the impudence of power—and at times one is tempted to believe that this stinging epigram may be justly applied to the American people; because you are constantly finding Senators and Congressmen making claims which would indicate that they believed their constituents to be knaves or fools. Anyone who reads that interesting daily—"The Congressional Record" will see that many of the Senators are claiming that their constituents should not be called upon to pay a federal tax, and that a class representing less than one-half of one per cent of the people of the United States can and ought to pay the great bulk of the federal tax.

Now, what is the real problem to be solved by a tax bill? It is to provide for the real needs of the government and then to secure the fair distribution of the remainder of the annual product amongst the people. The first thing to insure is that the government should be administered economically and honestly, and that no more shall be withdrawn from the people than is necessary. When we come to the distribution, we must clearly understand the difference between the power to consume and the actual consumption. The small rich class that pays income tax, if it had the capacity, would have the power to consume a large proportion of the annual product; but whether a man be rich or poor, he can only eat one dinner and wear one suit of clothes at a time. The rich man may be wasteful and extravagant and feed upon luxurious dishes, but the sure result is that he will suffer from rheumatism and gout, and after all no matter how extravagant one-half of one per cent of the population may be, it can make very little difference to the rest of the community whether this class consumes a little more or a little less. Under an economic government expenditure there is about eighty-five per cent of the annual product, whatever it may be, which is divided among the great mass of the people. Out of the other fifteen per cent must be taken governmental expenses and the luxuries and extravagances of the rich. If the governments exceed their fair proportions, the balance left for the mass of the people will be less than eighty-five per cent, and then inevitably you will have trade disturbances. If government takes too much, you have got to reduce the standard of living of the mass of the people, and it is impossible to make up for this by taxing the rich. Because what you will take from the rich by taxation is not the share of things that they consume, but the share which would have been represented by their excess income over expenditure, which should have represented investment. Investment in these days means the production of machinery, and increased machinery is necessary to increase

the product so as to provide for the increase in population. If you have more mouths and more backs, you must have more food to put into the mouths and more clothes to put upon the backs.

As the sequel to the great war, we have two classes of government expenditure. One is the service of the public debt. We must raise enormous sums to pay the annual interest and we must make provision for the payment of the principal of the debt. But in this case the government gathers in with one hand from the public and returns it to the public with the other hand, and that does not affect the problem of consumption. But when the government undertakes unnecessary and extravagant expenditures of every kind, then the condition arises which I have attempted to describe. During the war the necessity for raising large sums of money justified every kind of expedient which would put money into the Treasury quickly and surely. When the state called upon its young men to risk or to give up their lives, no one doubted the right of the state to call upon men to give up their property. "All that a man hath will he give for his life!" In this period we introduced a new principle of taxation. We taxed men not in proportion to what they owned, not in proportion to what the government did for them, but we adopted the principle of the Turkish government and called upon every man to pay all that he was able to pay.

Because the income tax would affect a very small class, politicians and demagogues believed and tried to make their constituents believe that they could impose the large burden of taxation upon this small class and leave the ordinary citizen free. But presently the citizens have found that the game is not being played that way. Soon after the armistice there was a great cry for lower prices. Prices were high, but most people had money in their pockets with which to pay them. Now we have low prices and there are millions of people who cannot pay them. If a man wants a dinner, it makes no difference to him whether the

price is a dollar or a dime if he has not even the dime. Financial students quickly discovered and pointed out that taxes which were levied on last year's business to be paid this year were bad taxes; because the business man never knew exactly where he stood. For instance, many men have had to pay this year very heavy taxes upon the good business of a year ago and they have not had the money to pay with. Another result of the high taxes was that what free capital was left was driven into tax-free securities. The ability of the southern and western states and of the towns and counties of those states to sell their tax-free securities at a low rate of interest encouraged them to undertake extravagant expenditures in roads, bridges, irrigation, etc., things convenient and useful in themselves, but which the people had got along without for many years and could have got along without for years to come. But the representatives of these states discovered that the United States Treasury was receiving from the income and corporation taxes paid by the manufacturing states, large sums of money, and they were able to induce Congress to appropriate part of this money for the use of the individual states, for building roads, for aiding farmers, for irrigating deserts and draining swamps, etc., and the Senators who voted for these measures considered that they were very conservative because they insisted that the states must pay at least half of these expenses.

Of course, this was an extension of the idea that because A was richer than B, therefore A should be called upon to pay all the expenses of government for B. So if by reason of heavy taxation on State C, there was a surplus of funds in the Treasury of the United States, it was felt to be perfectly right and proper to take those funds for the benefit of D State. Now if it is fair to make a man, because he is rich, pay the expenses of government for the poor man, why is it not equally fair to make him pay for the poor man's dinner? That is the socialistic and bolshevik doc-

trine! Of course, we know from experience that when a man is willing to accept his dinner or other expenses from someone else, without giving an equivalent for it, that man becomes a pauper and a hobo, a poor creature and a bad citizen. Now you can make paupers out of states just as readily as you can make paupers out of individuals.

To illustrate this, you have the action of the present Agricultural Bloc in the Senate. These Senators are men of intelligence. They know perfectly well or they ought to know that the excess super-taxes and excess profit taxes are draining the life-blood out of business, and they know, or they ought to know, that as population increases you cannot maintain the present standard of living unless you increase machinery in the same proportion in which you increase population, and that when you permit immigration to bring an abnormal increase in population, you must provide for an abnormal increase in machinery. In spite of this, the advocates of the Agricultural Bloc took advantage of their temporary position and forced the majority of the Republicans to retain the high income taxes and to increase the taxes on the corporations. They cannot help knowing that this is not going to help the country, but they do know that it is going to maintain a market for their tax-free securities, and thus enable their people to benefit from the suffering of the rest of the people of the United States. Perhaps they have never thought out this matter clearly, but I am sure that if Senator Kenyon or Senator Capper or Senator Lenroot will sit down and consider the question carefully, they will know that that is the effect of the action that they have taken. The socialistic poison which has been creeping into our body politic has created the idea that the people at large would benefit if the great fortunes are destroyed or redistributed amongst the mass of people. But think of it in terms of consumption! If everything that the rich consumed were taken away from them, and assuming that each income tax payer represents a group of four and that they consume double the average con-

sumption (which is probably an excessive estimate) the total consumption of the wealthy class will be four per cent of the whole. Labor which has become accustomed to rapid advances of ten per cent and now is becoming accustomed to equally rapid decreases of ten per cent, would find little excitement in a prosaic four per cent. And yet, measured in terms of actual things, that is your limit. But destroy the saving class, stop the increase of machinery, and just as surely as night follows day, you will find a falling off in production which will necessarily bring on that dreaded condition; a reduction in wages and the standard of living. As a class, the farmers of this country are honest and intelligent, but North Dakota has shown us that they can be misled by demagogues. They sowed the wind and they are reaping the whirlwind. Bolshevik Russia is teaching the world a great lesson. Government that is founded upon class distinctions is bad government. When people have acted unfairly and have injured us—we will not in the long run help ourselves by trying to injure them. The body politic, like the human body, is so inter-related that you cannot injure one part without injuring every part.

So let us all get together and reason with our friend, the farmer, the man upon whom we depend for the necessities of life. Let us assume that he is honest and that he is intelligent and that he wants nothing for himself that is not fair, and is willing to treat others fairly. Let us remind him of the farmers of a century ago, who drove over corduroy roads, who rarely got ten miles away from home, who were up before sunrise and were feeding their stock after sunset. Contrast that picture with today's good roads —the ten million motor cars used in the United States. It is true that rich people have had their operas, but today the mass has its moving pictures. The fair-minded farmer must admit that compared with the farmer of a hundred years ago his condition has improved in a greater proportion than has the condition of the rich man. The rich man of a hundred years ago had his operas, his theatres,

his luxuries; the mass did not have them. Today the mass shares the automobile with the rich man, sets the moving picture palaces off against the opera, and is dissatisfied—not because it has too little, but because having as much as it has, it has learned to want more.

Let us try to educate ourselves back to recognize that an association of people must be founded upon justice. Many autocrats have been good men who have tried to do the best they could for the people that they ruled. But after all autocracy meant the rule of all the people by a few of the people for the benefit of part of the people. Mobocracy differs from autocracy only because there are more people in the mob, and therefore the burden of their rule is heavier. In the past hundred years, our people have grown and prospered under a rule that refused to recognize classes, and which claimed and demanded a government which would keep its hands off the individual as far as possible. But we have been changing all of that. First the trades unions set aside the men that worked in factories as being a class who were above the ordinary law. Now come in the farmers to claim that they are to be placed in a separate bloc. It is time to remember the fable of the goose that laid the golden egg.

Business, properly conducted, facilitates exchange, promotes industry, and secures the happiness of all. First, the trades unions sought to deprive brains of the right to manage business. Now the farmers are taking sides with them and are trying to force the savings of the saving class into securities which do not promote business, but may promote the comfort of their particular class. What they will discover will be that they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE CONFERENCE

By LADY ASTOR, M. P.

THE whole world welcomes the Washington Conference. This Conference is an indication that we can now discuss world problems in a way and in a spirit which was not possible in 1919. After the Armistice, the combatants were divided into two types of people—those in whom the tragedy of the war had bred anger, revenge, or pride, and those in whom it had bred an illusion that an easy millenium and an era of everlasting peace were about to begin. The last three years have shown us that both these points of view are untrue. We have got to face facts and work unselfishly and unceasingly in a practical way to obtain our ideals. The Washington Conference provides a chance for us to make a real start.

That chance will be lost, if the nations merely come together with vague resolutions about the need for peace and the desirability of disarmament. You cannot tell people who are living in a state of fear, to disarm—or if you do, you can only enforce it by arms. You must remove the causes of fear, in so far as is possible; although so long as human beings are human, some distrust and fear will enter into our corporate relations, as they do into our individual ones. But there are certain things which can be done. Give France security, assure her of protection against German military aggression, and she will gladly reduce her armaments. Come to a frank understanding on the Pacific question, and Japan, the United States, and the British Commonwealth can reduce their armaments. What is wanted is that responsible statesmen should state their fears openly round a table, and face up to the facts. Neither disarmament nor limitation of armaments can come from a

sentimental yearning for peace, but only through studying and removing the causes of suspicion and through providing machinery—some association of nations—for round-table discussions of these suspicions. It is unthinkable that America should stay outside such an association, and should not assume her share of world responsibility. It is vital to the peace of the world that she should come in and help.

Two things are essential if the Washington Conference is to be of use. Firstly, each nation should have a conscience and policy above reproach in the matter of international treaties. Secondly, each of us should try and understand other countries' problems sympathetically, and before plucking out the mote in our brother's eye, should find the beam in our own. If America can realize that the British Commonwealth has its hub in a small island thousands of miles away from its farthest outposts; that the ultra-nationalism of some of the new European states is due to a crowding up of alien races, each with a heritage of national history of which they are as proud as Americans are of the War of Independence; if Europe can realize how petty her century-old problems are apt to seem to Americans whose interests are in the future and not in the past, and what immense problems of her own America has to face—then there will be hope of a happy issue of some, if not all, of our afflictions.

As far as Anglo-American relations go, I can say, with a knowledge of both countries, that Great Britain urgently desires friendly co-operation with the United States and believes it to be a practical and immediate possibility. But this can only be achieved if the trouble-mongers on both sides will hold their peace. Honest criticism and plain speaking clear the air and are the only basis for understanding. But allegations or criticism whose only motive is the creation of suspicion and jealousy, or plain speaking which is only meant to hurt and not to help, do not get us any further.

To cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace would be mere hypocrasy. But I am convinced that there is a general spirit of idealism abroad in both countries which will overcome the forces of selfishness and self-aggrandizement. I believe this is especially true of women. In Britain women have joined the League of Nations Union, to promote the cause of international association, in many thousands, and are keenly interested, not only in the ideal of limited armaments, but in the practical politics by which they must be accomplished. In the United States I think all women's organizations are united on this matter. All I would urge is that women on both sides should not rest satisfied with unpractical protestations against war, but should set themselves to understand the complex political problems involved in disarmament, and fit themselves to speak with authority, as well as with enthusiasm, on this urgent question. After all, we women can take absolutely virgin political minds into politics. We start fresh as it were, with no traditions or party ties and no political prejudices. Let the English speaking women of the world unite and show men that when we say we don't want wars, we mean to do all in our power to prevent them—even if it comes to speaking the truth to one another.

AULD REEKIE, PARTING

By CHARLES MCMORRIS PURDY

It seems so strange to leave Auld Reekie's grim, grey walls,
Once I have settled to a Scottish life;
Chill bleakland's grandeur and the bagpipe's plaintive calls
Have set me trembling; the keenest knife
Is not so far intruding as the wind-fled piper's notes,
Nor pierces a traveler's heart so certainly,
Nor bridges the time-worn chasms of old sorrow's moats,
That bring a furtive tear; one can not see
The Castle high o' hill, for emotion's Scottish mists,
Nor follow the High Street on its royal way,
The closes in their burrows, the wynds, for curious twists;
And George Street and rare Princes'—ah, I part with them today!

CAN ART BE MADE TO PAY?

By JOSEPH PENNELL

ART is uplift, message, education. Our art, our American art is intellectual, emotional; it "speaks the clean moral spirit of the people." Art elevates the people, purifies the nation. That is its mission in this country, according to its prophets and protectors. But the inquiring may ask, as they always do ask—the one question that is always asked all over the land:—Does it pay? And here it certainly does not pay—or rather it does not pay the nation, though it pays apparently the dealers and the muralists, the decorators, the painters, the illustrators, and all the rest of those who live upon it. Sometimes, too, it pays the intelligent collector when he intelligently disposes of his collection. Patriots live upon patriotism, munition makers on war, and parsons on hell and heaven. These things are worth paying for; but art must be free—free for the people, freely given them, imposed on them by galleries, by docents, by concerts, by lectures—all free in the galleries which are free, too. The people come to the galleries—a few of them; most stick to their movies, their comics, their bill boards, their Sunday photos, which they can enjoy in their own rocking chairs, in their own homes, or in their own movie palaces; yet they pay and pay gladly for these. And why should they not have what they like? They know what they like; and only the MOTHER'S SATURDAY NIGHT JOURNAL shall tell them what they like, and they have to pay for that. But art must be free for the people, therefore they do not want it.

Are ball games or boxing matches free? If they were free no one would go to the first and every one would be arrested for taking part in the second. Art is free, for

there is nothing the people can make out of it, so they have no use for it—"the clean moral people" of this country. But it is free. Museums spring up wherever there is a millionaire anxious to advertise, wanting to hall-mark his collection, or afraid to sell it for fear of a slump; so he gives it to his town, his city, or his country; if the authorities will pay for the upkeep—and the people pay taxes for that. That is the mission of the benevolent millionaire—to dump his collection. Most of the museums are filled mainly with works of the past, though every up-to-date American painter must be in them, even if most of the American artists are out of them. Museums are graveyards of dead art, houses of refuge for popular art. An artist must die to have his work shown, or else be a foreigner and have his work hall-marked by dealers.

This mainly applies to the Borough of Manhattan, which however happens to be the present stopping place of art in this country, therefore in the world. The Main Streeters know it; yet Miss Cecelia Beaux has dared to say we have no national art.

There are galleries which do show the work of living artists and some of them give money prizes to the exhibiters. All of these galleries, save one, restrict these prizes to American painters and sculptors, thus proving that "we have developed a steady perfection that is commencing to give Europe a nervous agitating disagreeableness." That is at least, until a show like that at the Metropolitan of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Painting appears, and that even arouses at the last moment an Anonymous Committee of Citizens, because it proves that all is not so perfect as we know it to be, not knowing that in Europe the Isms are dead and buried, that again with the end of war art has returned, save among the Bolshevists of Moscow and the East Side, and here the Isms are alive because no one will have them any longer over there. It is simply the dealers trying to unload.

These money prizes are given to encourage American art, but somehow they seem to promote graft; for artists,

though no one would accuse them of it, are bigger and better politicians and business men than the bosses and kings, and have to work harder for what they get.

There are also certain dealers who are dealing in American art, and there are certain collectors who collect it. The artists do something, but on the quiet. Who made Fifth Avenue into a thing of beauty during the Liberty Loan drives? The Fifth Avenue Business Men's Association took the credit for it. And who got the credit for the triumphal progress of Paul Bartlett's Franklin from Baltimore to Waterbury—a triumph only equalled by that of Cimabue in Florence? Cimabue is remembered: Bartlett is unknown to the newspaper reporters who boomed the affair. And all this was free, freely done by the artists; it was the only way they could get anything done.

But does the city, the state, or the nation—the powers that the people know—protect or encourage modern art? The authorities and big business are what the people understand, and they mostly do nothing for art.

When lately our President had to be painted and sculpted and engraved, did he go to the most eminent men and women to be immortalized? I think he prefers the snap shot. It gets his grin better than any painter could.

I do not care whether artists are foreigners or natives so long as they are good. When our great men want ancestors, they go and buy some one else's in England or Italy; and as for themselves, they get their mugs in the rotogravure sections of the papers, instead of going down to posterity like the Burgomeister Six—whom an eminent artist painted. Rockefeller is about the only American notoriety who will be remembered, because Sargent painted him, and for that reason only.

Other countries employed their most eminent artists to make artistic records of the war. We protested we had no money to spend in this fashion. What we got that was good

was given freely and without price by the artists. The artists of the Allies got cash, and the people thought us fools for working for nothing, and we were. All the patriots got paid, and yell now for a bonus.

Do our churches patronize art—the great patrons of the art of the past? Look in them and see. And though murals are everywhere they can be stuck, few of the muralists are worthy of their hire. And it is a crime that most of the murals are free for the people to wonder at.

Have we any art anyway, any appreciation of it? We have had a few artists, as many as other countries in the same time—a few great ones, but they had, most of them, to win their reputations abroad before they were accepted at home. Now we have many painters and sculptors who are accepted at home, but mighty few of them are tolerated abroad.

Art is, and always has been, a world power. We are trying not only to make it do good to the people, but to make a local corner in it—a mutual admiration society, out of our artists. The one form of art in which we really won an international standing was illustration and engraving, like the Japanese; and like them our work has sunk to the lowest level. Neither the Japanese nor the mongrels who have crawled in under our flag appreciate it. Nor is illustration dealt in. It was free, almost, and with a few exceptions in other arts and crafts (it is only the exceptions that count) it is all we have had in the way of a national art—we are local. The Hudson River School, though the only school we have had except that of the camera and snap shot, proved it.

Artists of any standing are not afraid to compete with their fellows; but patronage overpowers them, patronage of the amateur who knows nothing of art save what the dealer of a sort tells him, and doesn't know enough to keep his mouth or his pocket-book shut.

Have we not lately had an example—the Metropolitan Museum giving up its walls to an exhibition of art and

artlessness which was unbelievable and managed by a committee, the most prominent figure of which was a lawyer—and the most prominent person, anonymous; and in Philadelphia the moving spirits were doctors. And there is everywhere the admirable amateur; but the dealer of a sort is behind them all. These are the people who would help art, encourage art, boom art, criticise art—and the American artist lets them do it. But if artists were to discuss law or medicine, even the people would roar; but as art is on the town, any one can prattle about it; it does no harm. Even an "Anonymous Committee of Citizens" can upset the country over it; but it's only art, what does it matter? It's not business, it doesn't pay.

Well, the Metropolitan Museum, excellently managed as it is, doesn't pay. We are forever being told that. I am only taking one example. The reason is because the Metropolitan Museum does not encourage living art. This is not true of most of the other museums of the country. They do—all, I think, except Boston. But do they do it in the right way? They do what they can, or what their directors and trustees can, or know. They have their shows and their prizes, and they buy a few paintings and less sculpture and still fewer prints, mostly at preposterous prices.

Now, what should be done? We should organize our museums, our galleries, our exhibitions on the European basis—carry them on by European methods. "We are not Europeans, their methods are not ours," I shall be told. No, we are only blind and fools. Europeans know that art is a great financial asset for the nations. We know it must be free for the people. I say nothing of past ages, nothing of the fact that all that takes the tourist to Egypt, Greece, Spain, is art—art made by the state and the church. How the American hates to go; but Bill's been and he must go—the real Main Streeter; and he spends his money to get there and when he is there spends a little of it on art, and a lot on artlessness.

I say nothing about the international exhibitions of the past that were held to bring money into the countries in which they took place, and the art gallery in every international exhibition is the only building into which every one goes. The nations of Europe know this, and four cities have been deputed by four countries as art centers: Venice, Paris, London, Munich; and the scheme has paid. Consider Venice. The authorities and the business men tried to make the city an industrial town, a naval base, a railroad center.

Tourists came in fall and winter and spring, and the city lived on them. An artist suggested that Venice might again become an art center; it was tried, and after twenty years it has become the resort for all the rich people of the world —and in the summer, too, when it was supposed to be impossible. The city is doing more business than it ever did, and art has done it, as it did in the past. Visitors are given special rates on the Italian railways; special hotels have been erected and are filled. How did the Venetians celebrate the rebuilding of the Campanile? With an international exhibition of art—and they celebrated the end of the war with an exhibition of art. And the uplift of this is to bring people to Venice, and the mission is to sell art. There are no prizes, no medals—just sales; they bring the artists—artists bring their art, and the exhibition brings the tourists—the richest people in the world and those who spend the most money, and spend most of it in and on the city of Venice. At the last exhibition there were over two million five hundred thousand lire of exhibits sold. Mind a lira is a lira in Italy. Was that uplift? No, it was business. And the same is true of Paris, London, Munich. So important is the business of art in those cities that in Paris the artists pay the state a rental of one franc a year for the Grand Palais, and in London they exhibit in a palace of their own and pay no rates or taxes. And the exhibitions of Paris and London are entirely managed by artists. Here we have no national exhibition, though if we get one, it might be possible to find the artists to manage

it, and maybe find a business man with brains enough to sell pictures—but that is doubtful.

We are not allowed a gallery for modern art in the Park; it might take a few feet away from the people's right to foul it with filth. In Venice the authorities turned the people out of half of their only garden, and it paid the people as well as the city.

But we have the place at the present moment. There is a wing of the Metropolitan Museum standing empty, or there was a few months ago—not yet turned over by the city, which built it, to the Museum. Let the city turn it over to the various artistic societies of New York to hold a national exhibition in, as well as exhibitions of their own, including the arts and crafts—while automobile shows and horse shows could be held, as in Paris, in a properly designed art gallery. These shows probably pay now, but they have to find a new home here almost every year. They must pay, for the hotels of New York are already touting for guests. If properly constructed the Metropolitan wing can be used as an exhibition hall for other purposes, though of course, the Metropolitan will say that it is to be their building—and further that the Architectural League tried to show in it last year and failed. There are incompetents even among artists.

Would it pay? Such an art exhibition gallery would bring a million people at least the first year to New York, and ten million dollars would be spent by them in New York City, and soon the whole country would come to the art shows. As for the automobile and horse shows, they are popular enough. You cannot take art to the people—the people must come to it, the rich people of the land. The rest, the rubbernecks who come to New York and don't change a paper collar or a five dollar bill, don't matter; yet they would come in and maybe get uplifted. Anyway they go where they are told.

Did the Liberty Loan art made entirely by artists pay? The Government said so—and had proofs. Did Bartlett's

progress pay? It brought thousands of people to every city through which the statue passed. Organize, as at Venice, a sales department and prove that the best art of modern times is a better investment than bonds. This is proved by the contemporary purchasers of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Turner, and even our Whistler. Yet these are the works the average American is buying, or dealer-boomed unsaleable European modern rubbish, too stupid to know that the rise will be in the works of living artists. If they fall—if certain artists do not turn out to be as great as we know they are, the fall is little. Europeans are now investing in modern art because they get something of real value—not a piece of paper which says it is worth what it is not. An art standard will be set up for the country, and we may get a national art. We can get the best art of the world, if, as at Venice, we can sell it. It's all business, once we get decent things to show and don't everlastingly trot out our same old stuff. And if the Metropolitan will not undertake the work, or the artists will not undertake the work, the most liberal and intelligent institution in the country, I believe will undertake it. In that institution too—the Brooklyn Museum of Art and Science—are unfinished galleries standing vacant.

I do not say art will wipe out artlessness or unemployment, but I do say it will bring more money to New York than anything else. And the people must pay at least five days a week to see it. But the management must be in the hands of artists—not amateurs and uplifters or business men. Under artists, art pays.

I note that five thousand artists of New York are going to show in the city next spring. They have no place to show in, but they have a business man to manage them instead of managing their own business. Under such management art won't pay.

THE POLYTONIC "SIX" OF PARIS

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

MUSIC has often stirred up savage strife. For those who invent, and those who review it, are not tolerant. We know what storms were roused long years ago by the fierce rivalry of Piccini, the Italian, and Gluck, the Austrian. We have read of the upheavals caused by "Tannhaeuser" in Paris; and, to come nearer to today, we can remember the disturbances in the same city which attended the production of Debussy's gracious "Pélléas et Mélisande."

But since the uproar which that lovely work provoked, musicians the world over had abstained from vulgar rioting, despite temptations which at times had put their patience—or impatience—to hard tests. A year ago, though, music caused more trouble, and Paris was the scene of a pitched battle.

The outbreak in this case seemed disproportionate to the crime—real or supposed—of a young Provencal, named Darius Milhaud, who, at a Colonne Concert had endeavored to express himself, in an unusual way, in an "Orchestral Suite" (his second) planned as a tribute to the memory of the late Albéric Magnard. The dedication of the work might have assured it a respectful hearing. But M. Milhaud had annoyed some great tin gods by his connection with the group of "Jeunes" in Paris called "Les Six." The opening bars of his "Orchestral Suite" were hailed with protests, in which several of the best known critics joined. And soon his music, good or bad, was drowned in cat-calls. The police were summoned, which made matters worse—except, maybe, for the new "Jeunes,"

the obnoxious "Six," to whom it meant a big and free *réclame*. Next day, and for a week or so thereafter, the music critics raged through many columns. They cast Darius, even as Daniel, to the lions. Nor was it till the offending Suite reached Boston and was played at Symphony Hall, that it was really heard and analyzed impartially. Meanwhile, it had again been played in Paris, as before at a Colonne Concert, and listened to with something like civility. The Milhaud "polytonics" still seemed odious to most persons in the large and restless audience. But the reception given the work was almost decent.

The Parisians have been sorely tried of late, by so-called musicians of all kinds of crazy patterns. They have been baited by weird "Bruitistes," "Futuristes," "Dadaistes" and more faddists. The polytonists of the "Six" were rudely lumped with their unorthodox forerunners. The critics had damned M. Milhaud's Suite off-hand, largely perhaps, because it symbolized the artistic tendencies of the composer, who was looked upon by most as the chief member and the leader of the "Six." The public, egged on by their usual guides, in whom the more innocent of them had childish confidence, rebelled against both the theory and the practice of the polytonic style which was exemplified in the new Suite by the simultaneous use of chords and counterpoint in four tonalities. They did not argue or discuss things with the "Six." They—well, they protested. In their resentment they may not have cared to allow for the intentions of the composer, which were ironic. The work had been inspired by a satiric poem of Paul Claudel named "Protée." In "Protée," M. Claudel had described the unhappy love of an old man for a young girl; sometimes with pity, often with derision. The theme would have amused Igor Stravinsky. He might have found in it a new "Petrouchka," which would have made amends for the perverse brutalities of his "Rite of Spring." In fit surroundings, M. Milhaud's polytonics might have been

liked and praised. They had been planned, not for the classic concert room, but for the open air or for the hippodrome.

It is hard indeed for anyone who meets M. Milhaud and talks art with him to believe him capable of mere sensationalism, or deliberate trickery. He impresses one as straight and honest, though no less virile in his way than noisier rivals. He speaks of music and musicians very frankly, but of his own group and his own work, with engaging modesty. In all he told me of the "Six" and their young efforts, he avoided the provocative Stravinsky attitude. But he clung firmly to his hope and faith in the propriety of polytony, which, as I gathered, is the only bond that links together those who form the "Six." And, in the first words of the chat I had with him near Montmartre a few weeks ago, M. Milhaud gave me a surprise.

"We are not the inventors of the name by which we go," said the composer. "It was a critic, who, after attending some of the concerts we had organized, first referred to the members of our little band of friends as 'Les Six,' in an article published by 'Comoedia' and entitled 'The Five Russians and Six Frenchmen.' We had no objection to being grouped or christened. We had realized that, in the world of Paris, it is not well for artists to fight quite alone. Since the appearance of that article we have remained 'The Six,' although one member of our group may soon drop out, and leave us, for a time at least, but five. Apart from our attachment to polytony, we have little in common."

"What is it that distinguishes you, chiefly, from other composers?"

"We are a proclamation and a protest. We proclaim the death of musical Impressionism. We protest against the unnecessary complexities of contemporary instrumentation."

"Meaning," I queried, "just what by Impressionism?"

"Debussy," he replied. "An enchanting master; an individuality—head and shoulders above those of his suc-

cessors who have imitated him; but a composer whose message to the world of art has been delivered. Debussy was, I admit, both great and personal, even if he did descend to some extent from Moussorgsky."

Then M. Milhaud took my breath away by assuring me that he adored simplicity.

"I admire Mendelssohn," said he, without a tremor (and on that point I at least agreed with him). "Some day I hope to make him the fashion again in Paris. I despise Schumann and I am very fond of Schubert. Wagner, I loathe. I cannot stomach him. To me he is indigestible. He is—stuffy. The composers I prefer are of the moderns, Berlioz and Magnard; and, of the great dead, first and foremost, Bach. In my compositions I use only the instruments of Berlioz. I can't see what Ravel, Strauss, and Wagner gain by multiplying instruments in their orchestra."

A third surprise came when M. Milhaud assured me of his love of melody. I had been told that the "Six" scoffed at melody and worshipped discord. I had thought of them as, shall I say, mere "Bruitistes." And here was this astounding young Provencal face to face with me, assuring me that he hated needless noise and bowed to Mendelssohn. Could all the critics have been dreaming dreams when they attacked the "Six?" Could they have all been bribed?

"I believe in the melodic line," continued M. Milhaud. "I set logic and construction before delicacies and subtleties. I hate needless detail and I love simplicity. Harmony means nothing to me. Counterpoint means everything. I am not a classicist nor a futurist, but a romanticist. Don't mind the critics. One of them wrote whole columns about my poor Second Suite, without even hearing it. Two only had been kind enough to read my scores in manuscript before judging them.

"What do the music critics know of music?" he went on, as if recurring to an old grievance. "They may know a clarinet or flute from a trombone. But is there one who

could distinguish between the percussion instruments in an orchestra?

The "Six" did not invent their polytonics. Indeed, to be candid, they have so far given us little if anything, which, without straining, could be called original. The members of the group are very young, and, if they do annoy some ears, might be forgiven. And, mingled with their more eccentric views, are sane ideas, as old as Bach's and Handel's, as clear as Couperin's. The "Six" are still in their artistic cradles. Among them are at least three men of talent. First, M. Milhaud, next M. Arthur Honegger, and lastly, M. Francis Poulenc. But I have still some things to tell of M. Milhaud, before talking of his associates or followers. He is the only member of his group I met in France. Mr. Irving Berlin would, I am sure, delight in him; for he confesses that "he adores jazz music."

"Some day," he said, "I may compose a jazz sonata. The jazz form has been quite an inspiration. One may at times hear excellent music in the halls, and much bad music is performed in concert rooms. I have told you of my love of melody. By this I mean that in my compositions I try to give equal importance to all the instruments I employ. My orchestra, of course, varies according to the nature of the works I write, and I have tried my hand at a good many styles. One form which I am fond of is the chamber symphony. I have turned out four examples of the sort so far, each scored for only a few solo instruments. I have published various piano compositions, among them a set of six which I grouped under the name of 'Le Printemps.' I have made scores for ballets with large orchestras, and just now I am halfway through a tragic, lyric drama, named 'Les Euménides.'

"I have made a special study of polytony," he continued. "In my fifth String Quartet, all the instruments are given equal prominence. In this work I have used four different tonalities at once. The effect, I think, is rich and in-

teresting. In another composition I have gone farther. I have used twelve tonalities. I write music horizontally, not vertically. The melodic line is always in my mind."

M. Milhaud did not mean that he composed most easily when he was lying on his back, like Rossini and some other spoilt musicians. His words had a more technical significance. Then, by way of illustration, this wild revolutionist played me selections from his "Spring." They were written in the simple, flowing style of Mendelssohn, tempered slightly by Debussy. Innocuous, charming songs of innocence, which would have soothed the most cruel academic critic. And, as I listened, I confess I marveled at the excitement the composer's Suite had caused.

What will happen to the "Six" in France is doubtful. If they are advertised much more, they may grow famous. But in America, and elsewhere beyond France, it seems unlikely that their music will live long. Their polytonic works may please the curious, but they will hardly win the approval of the masses. Americans have not yet swallowed Schoenberg. They are still puzzling over Ornstein and Prokofiew. The polytonic theory is one thing—the polytonic practice is another. I daresay "Spring" will charm most lady pianists. It certainly appealed to me—a critic.

And now a word or two about the lesser members of the group of "Six"—those daring heretics and anarchists of art who are supposed by some to threaten honest music. The most conspicuous of them, next to M. Milhaud, is M. Arthur Honegger. He is said to be at heart a plain Wagnerian. Like others in his group, he is a polytonist. His polytony is however, based on derivations from the dominant chord, while M. Milhaud's is derived from the *accord parfait.* I am assured that there are fine and noble qualities in more than one published work from his pen.

He is more modern than another prominent member of the "Six," M. Francis Poulenc, who, until lately, has devoted himself largely to the piano. According to his

leader, M. Milhaud, he has the merits of simplicity and grace. He is very sensitive and has melodic gifts of an unusual kind. But he has also a keen sense of the sonorities a composer may obtain from a small orchestra. This "revolutionist" goes back in style to Couperin and Scarlatti; both ornaments of eighteenth century music. A Suite by M. Poulenc has been played in London, and damned contemptuously as puerile and trivial. It was too simple to content even a public which loves Haydn, and has long worshipped Mendelssohn. In one respect, this composer seems unusual. He has been writing music since his early boyhood. He acquired the rudiments of art at the Conservatoire of Paris, where, like his friend and warm admirer Mr. Milhaud, he was a pupil for a time of M. Widor.

A fourth member of the "Six" is M. Georges Auric, whose works, so far as I can learn, are marked by brilliancy, but are loud and rowdy. They have the qualities that suit the music hall, and, while Parisian as to style, are slightly vulgar. By contrast with his efforts, M. Honegger's seem metaphysical, while M. Milhaud's might be fairly called poetical. They are linked loosely with the works of the three others I have mentioned by their occasionally polytonic attributes. But they are nearer in some ways to those of Satie, who, to non-Parisians, does not seem a shining light, though to the leader of the "Six" he is much younger than the youngest in that group; so modern that he scoffs at Florent Schmitt as quite old-fashioned.

M. Milhaud, by the bye, has often stooped from poetry to vulgarity. Of this a recent proof was his strange setting of a pantomime devised by one Jean Cocteau—a burlesque or skit on "dry" America. The matter and the manner of this rather ribald work were too grotesque to suit the patrons of a well-known London music hall. But both were fanciful. The title of the skit was still more fanciful; far-fetched indeed. London refused its favors to such frenzied freaks as what the authors had entitled "Le Boeuf Sur le Toit" ("The Ox on the Roof").

As for the two remaining members of his group, one—M. Louis Durey—is a mere tyro. The other—Mlle. Germaine Taillefer—is, if you will, a promise, but no more. She is a pupil of Stravinsky and Ravel, and she owes not a little to M. Milhaud, also. Her special quality is her bright, youthful spirit. Thibaut and Cortot may soon play one of her works.

Gustave Charpentier does not scorn the "Six." They may not have accomplished much as yet. But as he thinks, they are trying to do something.

"They are trying," he declared to me some weeks ago, "to renew the music palate. What they have done may seem a bit confused. But they have not failed to produce some tones—some pictures—which can be recognized."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By J. Corson Miller

A stag—upon Time's quivering heights he stood,
And sniffed the burning danger of the years:
Herd-leader of a clean, all-conquering brood,
Whose forebears blazed the trails of pioneers.
The new Demosthenes!—work, play that cheers
His creed; the seeds he sowed of brotherhood
Shall grow to trees—an adamantine wood,
To stem the tidal-hate of hemispheres.

"Pro Patria!"—his cry; unmoved, unbroken,
He dipped his pen in fire to the end;
His heart was like the oak, and Honor's token
He passed as coin to men; he was a friend
Whose golden words shall live while speech is spoken.
His life's an autograph of deeds well done—
A battle-star that laughs across the sun.

JANE CARLYLE'S LETTERS

Arranged by REGINALD BLUNT

(The first instalment of Mrs. Carlyle's letters appeared in The Forum for November.)

A packet of letters, written by Mrs. Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's house by that lady's daughter, Mrs. Chambers. On collating these letters with the published volumes, I found that nine of them had been printed in the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and three of these had also been included in Mrs. Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes, the second instalment of which follows, had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

The intense heat of the August of 1860 was followed by an extremely cold winter, during which Mrs. Carlyle, at her husband's instigation, had embarked on the venture of a second servant, and was not altogether enjoying "the twoness" of it; whilst Carlyle rarely left his garret study and the struggle with Frederich, except for his daily ride. The death of Arthur Hugh Clough was a loss which was perhaps more than offset, for him, by a renewed friendship with Ruskin, whose "Letters on Political Economy" were just then appearing in the Cornhill.

Mrs. Carlyle's next letter has a special interest for me, as it chronicles, in her most characteristic manner, what was, I think, the first combined visit of my father and mother to No. 5, Cheyne Row. Lord Cadogan had appointed my father Rector of Chelsea in 1860, and my parents had come into residence at the Rectory (whose garden gate opened into the top of Cheyne Row) in the previous August.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea.
Wednesday, April 3rd, 1861.

You remarkably *clever* little Girl! I admire this stroke of diplomacy amazingly! My general amiability was not to be relied on, you thought—and I can't say but you thought right, so far as that goes. My special promise about writing "within a fortnight" might or might not form a part of that general amiability, which is not to be relied on, and so, being a sort of little Girl who *will* have her humor out, whatever that be, you just fling a silken *lasso* of politeness round my neck and twitch me up to the point! You *had* the little photograph before you left—you meant to give it me (your father told me so, when he had taken *his* out of his pocket book as tenderly as if it were *the Holy Sacraments,* to show me, and been assailed by a storm of abuse of you on my part for not having given me one "all to myself"). But, if you sent it in a letter, I must of necessity acknowledge *that* letter, as a "woman of England," whatever she does or omits to do, must never neglect "the forms of Society" —never be impolite! Oh you sharp little girl! You knew *that,* calculated upon it, and acted upon it! And so here I am writing to you, whether I like it or not! Anyhow I like the photograph. To such an extent, that my long wavering intention of investing in a photograph book took settled practical shape in the same hour *it* (the tiny Miss Barnes) came to hand; and being so rapid as yourself (!) when I have once decided on a thing, I went forthwith to Regent Street in the rain, and bought a sensible modest-looking volume, with no botheration of embossing and gilt clasps, but *real* morocco and good paper. When I came in I was, if not wetted, thoroughly damped and had to change my dress, and it being within a couple of hours of the time when I was engaged to dine at Mr. Forster's, with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, I thought I had best make one dressing do for all; and thus it happened that as early as half after four, I was sitting on my sofa in the black velvet gown your Father found so "stunning"—with pearl necklace and bracelets (!) and the smallest of make-believe (lace) caps—when, without my having heard any rap, the drawing room door was flung open and Charlotte announced "Mr. and Mrs. Blunt!" Mercy of Heaven! Is that man always to find me in some false position? To your Father I could say, "I am going out to dinner and am so ashamed to be caught with a bare head."

But I couldn't enter into such explanation with these strangers, and had to stand Mrs. Blunt's survey of me, in a broad glare of sunlight with *inward* protest against appearances, and "appeal to posterity." As for Mr. Blunt, God bless him, I don't imagine he could have told, when he left, whether I had on a velvet dress or a strait waistcoat, whether my necklace was of pearls or buttercups! He looked so straight at my face all the time, with such a look of unworldly, profoundly *human, trust* and friendship, that it was all I could do to keep from flinging myself at his feet or into his arms, and saying "Oh yes! I will visit your poor women if you wish it, will even come and hear you preach *if you wish it!*" I restrained myself, however, and for the present went no further than inviting him and his wife to tea!

I didn't go to hear Spurgeon. It rained slightly, and my head ached slightly, and Lady Airlie had told me the day before: "Oh don't, *please* don't go to Spurgeon; it *is* so—*nasty!*"

Now, little woman, mind that you don't stay away above twice as much longer as the time you fixed.

I like to know you here even when I am not seeing you. I *like* you, my nice little diplomatist, which is more a compliment to your merits than you perhaps think! For between ourselves there is nothing I so much dislike in a general way as a young Miss (Jeune Mees) except indeed, a young Master.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

The next two letters to Miss Barnes have been printed in the "Letters and Memorials." The first, dated Sept. 22, 1861, and beginning "Carina! Oh *Carina!* Did you *ever?!* No you *Never!*", came from Harewood Lodge, Berks, a lodge in Windsor Forest to which old Lady Sandwich (Lady Ashburton's mother) had invited the Carlyles. The letter is chiefly a caustic disquisition on lumbago—Carlyle's lumbago, got by "spreading his pocket handkerchief on the grass just after a heavy shower, and sitting down on it for an hour and more, in spite of all my remonstrances." The letter ends thus:

Where are you, then? If you are returned to the paternal roof, no need almost of this letter. But I daresay you are gadding about on the face of the earth, "too happy in not knowing your

> happiness," of having a Paternal roof to stay under! If your father would take *me* home for his daughter, and pet me, as he does you, would *I* go dancing off to all points of the compass, as you do? No, indeed! God bless you anyhow. If you are returned, this letter will still be worth while as enabling me to look you in the face, more or less!

The second letter dates from Cheyne Row, January 24, and pinned to it is a tiny scrap of paper on which Carlyle has noted "1862? [ask Mrs. Simmonds the date of her *wedding,* of her *first* child, etc.!]", evidently an annotation made when he was arranging his wife's letters after her death. The letter was Mrs. Carlyle's reply to Miss Barnes' petition that she would come to her approaching wedding:

> Oh, you agonizing little girl! How *could you?* come down upon me in that slap-dash way, demand of poor weak shivering me a positive "yes" or "no," as if with a loaded pistol at my head!! How *can* I tell what I shall be up to on the eighteenth? After such a three months of illnesses and relapses, how can I even guess? If I am alive and able to stand on my hind legs and to look like a joyful occasion, I shall be only too happy to attend that solemnity.

The letter goes on to beg her not to ask Mr. Carlyle to the wedding, as he had said "it would be a real vexation to me to refuse that bonnie wee lassie what she asked, and to her marriage I *could not go.* It would be the ruin of me for three weeks."

"And that," adds his wife, "is no exaggeration, I *can* say, who know his ways better than any one else."

The next letter was written only a few days before the wedding day.

> 5 Cheyne Row, Thursday,
> February 13, 1862.
>
> Dear Little Girl! that is going to be spirited away from me, into "the house of bondage" (vide Captain Cuttle "and when found make a mark of it!") aren't you coming to see me first? I have been expecting you to-day every minute; and expected you all yesterday. Maria said you promised to come yesterday morning, having just asked at what hour I went out, and she having answered that I "generally went out at one o'clock."

"One o'clock? 'Generally?' What *did* you mean by saying that? Don't I generally not go out at all? Haven't I been out just once in the last fortnight?" "Yes!" "And didn't I go out then at half after two?" "Yes!" "Then what *did* you mean by saying I generally went out at one?" "Well I meant—I don't know!" My dear prospective young housewife! Beware of servants who write poetry. They haven't common sense ever! But are you coming tomorrow morning? or when? I must see you again before——.

Unless the weather mends materially, it would be madness for me to go to the Church in my wedding garments, not having the excitement of going to be married myself to nerve me against catching cold.

Whether even *that* will save yourself from the natural consequences of a low dress and bare head in winter remains to be seen! Mrs. Blunt asked me to go with *them,* and I should like that, and should like to see you made away with! If only it come warm enough to be out so long in fine clothes! But at all rates I hope to live to present myself at the house at one o'clock. I wish you would come and see my *new bonnet* for the occasion—it will be lost on you when the occasion is there. It is lovely.

Your ever affectionate

J. W. C.

The wedding took place on Tuesday the eighteenth of February, and my father, who was to marry the young couple, and who knew how keenly the pretty little bride hoped for Mrs. Carlyle's presence, was determined to get her to the church if it could safely be accomplished. Mrs. Carlyle herself tells the story in a letter to her dear friend Mrs. Russell of Thornhill, dated February twenty-third, which may be quoted here:

The wedding was an immense affair! It was my doctor's little daughter who was being married, after a three year's engagement, and as soon as she was engaged she had made me promise to attend her wedding. I had rather wished to see a marriage performed in a church with all the forms, the eight bridesmaids, etc., etc., but I had renounced all idea of going to the church, for fear of being laid up with a fresh cold; and meant to attend only the breakfast party after, in which I took less interest. But imagine how good the people here are to

me. Our Rector, in whose church (St. Luke's) the marriage was to take place, being told by his wife I wished to go but durstn't, for fear of the coldness of the church, ordered the fires to be kept up from Sunday over into Tuesday morning! besides a roaring fire in the vestry, where I sat at my ease till the moment the ceremony began! I was much pressed afterwards to acknowledge how superior the English way of marrying was to the Scotch, and asked how I liked it. I said my feelings were very mixed. "Mixed?" the rector asked, "mixed of what?" "Well," I said, "it looked to me something betwixt a religious ceremony and a—pantomime!" So it is. There were forty-four people at the breakfast.

Mrs. Carlyle did not catch cold at the wedding; for I see by my mother's diary that she and my father were at tea at the Carlyles' on the Friday after, and met Ruskin there.

The next letter is addressed to Mrs. Simmonds, 82 Oakley Street, where presumably the newly married couple had found quarters after the honeymoon:

5 Cheyne Row,
Friday, May 1862.

"My darlingest Pet"

(As the Marchioness of Westmeath writes to the "Co-respondent")—come as you are to-night. I don't mean come in a state of nature, but in your wearing gown, for nobody will be here except possibly Mr. Woolner the sculptor. The other new married lady I spoke of cannot come, because I have not asked her! I set out one day to make the due *call* preparatory to asking her, and was overtaken by the rain in Pimlico, and having no umbrella, and a velvet coat, and seeing no cab or other refuge, I plunged madly into an omnibus that was standing at "The Three Compasses," and was trundled away, I knew not whither, but *eventually* (as the horrid penny-a-liners say) I found myself at the Blackwall Railway station in Fenchurch Street! Then, the rain continuing, I had just to sit still and come back again, and get myself into a cab at Hyde Park, and come home, damped and wretched. I have never been able to get up the steam to go at that *call* since, and to ask her without calling would, I am sure, have been an offence to the new married female Inverness mind. The more's the pity for her.

Affectionately yours,

J. W. C.

(Mrs. Carlyle's letters will be concluded in the January Forum.)

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THE RECENT ELECTION

AN election in New York City is important to the rest of the country because the apparent issues are widely advertised and the victory as resounded is sure to influence other communities. The outcome in New York City was a foregone conclusion from the time that Governor Miller proceeded to take a hand in the directing of the affairs of the City, and the triumph of Mayor Hylan must be interpreted as a repudiation of the Governor and all of his works.

What little chance of success the Republican party may ever have had was further demolished by the unfortunate Meyer Committee with its reckless disregard of the rights of individuals, its blatant press agency, and wasteful expenditure of the people's money.

With a blindness that has hitherto been unequalled, the papers of New York City, with the exception of the *New York American,* endeavored to gloss over these indecencies and herein lies, to the student of journalism, the sad part of the campaign.

It is never a pleasant thing to one believing in democratic institutions to see the practically unanimous press of the City repudiated. That is what has happened, and it must be said that the repudiation was more than deserved, especially in the case of the *New York Tribune,* the news columns of which were so grossly inaccurate and so unfairly partisan as to make that journal, before the campaign closed, the most conspicuous liability of the anti-Hylan ticket.

The Times, as might be expected, was fair in its news reports—if not generous in the amount of space contributed, but the palm must go to Mr. Munsey, whose intellectual and social gyrations are not always easy to follow. Publishing two evening papers he was able to provide the City with news of several varieties.

The Sun provided a full quota of anti-Hylan "news" as did the *Evening Telegram*—"news" that ran the whole gamut of dog-stories known to a cycle of press agents; but the *Telegram* carried in addition and frequently alongside of extraordinary claims for Curran, a daily poll which from the beginning to the end of the campaign indicated that thousands of Republicans were going to vote for Mayor Hylan—a bit of real news that never once elicited a line of comment from either Mr. Munsey or a single one of the anti-Hylan press.

Only one of the Republican papers—*The Evening Mail*—placed the blame squarely where it belonged, and declared that the immense vote was a vote against Governor Miller—calling on the leaders of the party to decide on whether it was to encourage further reprisals by continuing under Governor Miller's uninviting banner. What, however, the clear-sighted editor of the *Mail* did not discern was the fact that many people were attracted to Mayor Hylan out of resentment at his treatment by the press. The American people are as a rule easy-going, but when abuse of a public official is carried to the point of gross unfairness, their resentment is swift and keen.

Another fact in the election and one undoubtedly decisive with many Republicans, was the attitude of Senator Hiram W. Johnson, whose stinging criticism of Governor Miller, stinging as it was, was considered but fair and judicial.

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The election in New York City was a Hylan victory rather than a Democratic victory, but along with that Hylan and personal victory there is no doubt but what there was represented in part the disgust of many Republicans at the way their party is being conducted both in the State and in the Nation. This statement does not apply to President Harding who is apparently doing his best, but who should most certainly assume leadership unless he wishes to see his party go on the rocks.

One of the reasons that a large number of Republicans voted for Mayor Hylan was, as we have said, their disgust for Governor Miller, his extraordinary incapacity for judging public sentiment, and his marvelous ignorance of political currents, political tendencies, and even of political history. So opaque an intellect has not sat in a high place in the government of this country since the governorship of John A. Dix.

But deeper even than the feeling against Miller and his hard, harsh, and selfish ways, is resentment against the stupid Republican Congress—stupid because it has not brains enough to evolve a leader when there are men like Reed Smoot, George Moses, Miles Poindexter, and Hiram Johnson, who could lead the party into almost the greatest page in its history, were it not for the fact that the party seems to be broken up into impossible blocs, and the gateway to success choked with the remains of infirm old men whose days of usefulness are long past.

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The hopelessness of the situation from the standpoint of intelligent and progressive Republicans, is the inability of the Congressional leaders to see that the taxation program that they are assisting in putting into

action can only result in great distress to the country, and a complete rout for the Republican Party.

They are allowing the Revenue Bill to become the work of a minority of Republicans assisted by enough Democratic votes to thwart the will of the majority of the Republicans. The Democratic leaders declare that the bill which they are enacting with the assistance of a minority Republican bloc is a bad bill, and one which they would not stand for themselves if their party were in power. These deft politicians are assisting in the enactment of this bill only because it will help destroy the Republican Party, and Republican leaders with a fast waning reputation for sagacity are lending themselves to this most obvious and nefarious plot.

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Mr. Joseph Tumulty has written an account of Woodrow Wilson "as he knew him" that is singularly unimpressive. Strange to say it is not even interesting. It is not so much that it is in a style made familiar by George Creel, as it is that the very lack of historical sense that marks Mr. Creel's writings and those of his profession, are here carried to the nth degree.

If Mr. Wilson were to be again a candidate for the Presidency we would say that this book was a very effective press agency, but it is impossible to take it seriously as a historical document.

Mr. Tumulty tells us with all apparent sincerity that the reason that Colonel Roosevelt was rebuffed, insulted, and rebuked in his desire to fight for his country was that some subordinate in the War Department thought that Colonel Roosevelt would interfere with the plans that were made for the winning of the war. This too, was at a time when Europe was begging for something to be done and pleading that Roosevelt be allowed to come over that he might hearten the discouraged troops of Europe.

Mr. Tumulty's explanations are a trifle too thin. He wastes words and paper and ink when he says in his preface that Mr. Woodrow Wilson will not read his book. This is very easy to believe. There is no reason why Mr. Woodrow Wilson should read this book. In fact, there is no reason why anybody should read it.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

MILITANT MOHAMMEDANISM*

THERE can be no doubt that the Mohammedan world is now experiencing something in the nature of a racial and national renaissance. There are numerous straws to show that the wind is blowing in this direction. During the last two years Persia and Afghanistan have freed themselves from foreign domination, and the Turks have successfully resisted all the efforts of the Greeks to enforce the terms of the Sevres Treaty by arms. The Moors have inflicted a serious defeat upon the Spaniards; and the Moplahs, a fanatical Mohammedan sect in India, have risen in prolonged revolt against the British Government.

Mr. Stoddard surveys the present day manifestations of Moslem unrest from the vantage point of an intimate knowledge of certain currents of thought and action which have been running strongly throughout Mohammedan countries during the last century. The steady political and economic encroachments of the European powers upon the Mohammedan lands of Asia and Africa have been viewed by pious Moslems everywhere with a mixture of alarm and indignation. All sorts of propaganda agencies have been set in motion for the purpose of checking the threatened complete subjugation of the Mohammedan by the Christian nations. Large and powerful religious secret societies have sprung up, especially in northern Africa. Devoted prophets have traveled from the Atlantic to the Himalayas, preaching the solidarity of all "True Believers", and the need for a united front against the further advance of the infidel West.

Religious Pan-Islamism has recently been supplemented by the new spirit of nationalism which has sprung up among the Turks, the Arabs, and other Oriental peoples. This nationalism found one notable manifestation in the young Turk revolution of 1908—a bold effort to weld the backward, loosely organized Ottoman Empire into a rigidly centralized modern state. The attempt failed, because the subject nationalities of the Empire objected strenuously to compulsory Turkification. And Turkey's subsequent defeat in the World War, followed by the rigorous Sevres Treaty, which stripped the Ottoman Empire of all its possessions outside of a part of Asia Minor, seemed to mark the passing of the last independent Mohammedan power.

Turkey, however, has proved a very live ghost. Taking advantage of the jealousies and dissensions which soon arose between the French and the British in the Near East, Mustapha Kemal's Nationalist Turkish

*"THE NEW WORLD OF ISLAM," by Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Government at Angora has been able to stand off the Greeks, and to defy the Sevres Treaty. And in Central Asia the Russian revolution has acted as a powerful stimulus to Moslem intrasigeance. The Russian Soviet Government, eager to cultivate friendly relations with the neighboring Asiatic peoples, renounced all ambitions for political and economic expansion in countries like Persia and Afghanistan. The Afghans and the Persians, freed from Russian pressure, thereupon forced the British Government to grant them complete independence. Both these Mohammedan states concluded political and military alliances with Turkey, so that a solid block of united Moslem states now extends from the Black Sea to the Chinese frontier.

This block of independent Mohammedan states must be considered a serious potential menace to the stability of British rule in India, especially as the Indian Moslems are co-operating heartily with Gandhi, the Hindu leader, in his effort to break down the British authority by a gigantic campaign of passive sabotage and non-co-operation.

Mr. Stoddard shows how the Bolsheviki have attempted to utilize the Moslem hatred of the European Christian powers as an instrument of world revolution. In the fall of 1920, Zinoviev, a prominent Bolshevik leader and President of the Third International, appealed to a large congress of delegates from Asiatic countries which met at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, urging them to return home and lead revolts against the French and the British. Leaders in the new world of Islam like Mustapha Kemal and the Emir of Afghanistan, are not in the least sympathetic with Bolshevism as a political doctrine. They have no desire to see their own governments subverted by proletarian uprisings.

W. H. CHAMBERLIN.

A PHOTOGRAPHER OF DREAMS*

A third of life is sleep—the other two-thirds we are sleep-walkers. This would seem, generally speaking, to be about the conclusion Mr. Maxwell has arrived at in his brilliant and fascinating romance of the psychic underworld.

If dreams—both of pre-natal and ante-natal origin—can influence consciously and unconsciously our waking states, why cannot we so order our sleeping, dreaming, hours by infinite acts of will so that instead of having ugly, disturbing, and horrible dreams we may dream in the manner we wish? Not only, too, for the sake of the hallucinating pleasure, but for the more practical and utilitarian purpose of directing the subconscious will in our waking hours towards the attainment of our darling wish.

*"A THIRD OF LIFE," by Perriton Maxwell. Small, Maynard and Company.

Mr. Maxwell, through his hero, who is a real physician of the soul, not only says it can be done, but expounds the manner of the doing thereof. He solves mysteries, cures dream-victims of their phobias, and in the end destroys in himself a horrible nightly dream which came to him from his mother—by teaching his patients and himself how to turn the marvels of sleep into therapeutic, dynamic forces.

"A Third of Life" is doubly fascinating because it is both a "thriller" and a scientific exposition. There is never a dull page in the book, and the actions of the characters are never lost in the big theme, nor is the theme ever allowed to usurp the movement of the story.

Mr. Maxwell has also done some real dream photography, which makes up the illustrations in "A Third of Life." They are astonishing pictures of our fantastic night lives. This book, under the guise of a fictitious story, evolves one of the most suggestive theories of human conduct that I have ever read.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

WHAT WILL SATISFY JAPAN?*

IF Professor Yoshi S. Kuno had been assigned to "cover" the Disarmament Conference at Washington by the managing editor of a Japanese daily or even a New York newspaper, he could have produced no more timely copy than that which appears in his recent small volume on what Japan wants and will bring before the Conference. His remarks are so close to the times that as they stand they would form an excellent introductory article by any of the correspondents who will attend at Washington. And anyone who has not had the time to do anything short of research work on the questions to be discussed at the Conference, could do no better than keep before him Professor Kuno's book as a complete and handy guide.

The work commends itself if for nothing more than its frankness. Beginning with an outline of what Japan wants in America and with succeeding chapters on what she wants in China, Korea, Siberia, at home, and throughout the world in general, it presents Japan's case so impartially that it shows the terrible seriousness of the so-called Japanese question in such a manner as to prove that a very definite answer will have to be given to that question. And there is no doubt left in the reader's mind after reading the Professor's remarks but that war is inevitable if an answer satisfactory to Japan is not forthcoming.

Unpleasant as the facts may be, one cannot help feeling that the volume under review is worthy because it is free of propaganda, and novel because

*"WHAT JAPAN WANTS," by Yoshi S. Kuno. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

it does not reiterate, as so many works on this matter do, that war between our country and Japan is unthinkable and impossible—protesting, like Lady Macbeth, too much.

In America Japan wants better treatment of her subjects, at least after they settle here. For such of her subjects who insist on remaining with us in spite of open demonstrations of their undesirability, she wants rights equal to those accorded all other foreigners; but, according to Professor Kuno, there are ways of restricting Japanese immigration not entirely odious to Tokio. In China she wants a free hand, not unlike what we insist on in Mexico. In fact, according to Professor Kuno, she desires a Monroe Doctrine for Asia, with herself in the position we occupy in North and South America. Analogous to her wants in Korea are our own in Porto Rico, though this exact analogy is not cited by the author. His exposition of this matter, however, makes it apt. Perhaps it was Japanese irritation with occidental missionaries of the Christian faith which kept him from using it.

In Siberia Japan wants room for her expanding population, as well as a bulwark against the Bolsheviki. In his chapter on this phase of the question, Professor Kuno has made the weakest of the set of cases which his book sets forth. If Japanese expansion is to take place at the expense of Russian sovereignty, even though Russia at the moment is in the hands of madmen, nothing but war can result. And if Russia cannot defend herself, her part shall be taken by others, in spite of the fact that their motives may not be altruistic. This chapter is ended with the threat, still unpleasant though stale, of an alliance between Russian Reds, the Germans, and the Japanese. Fortunately for all of these, the rest of the world has not yet taken this threat seriously. Giving expression to it at Washington is not going to be a factor for permanent peace.

Japan's wants at home are mainly reforms, which with the exception of that concerned with religion, differ not at all from those needed in the other important nations of the world. The desire for greater democracy must be met, her foreign policy must be made more popular with her own people, the franchise must be extended, labor's demands must be heeded, armaments must be reduced, women must be further emancipated.

This work is pregnant with vital questions, none of which can be answered without an amount of sword-rattling, regardless of the pacific intentions of all who would answer them. Nor will they all be answerable within a generation. Professor Kuno is to be thanked for the clarity with which he sets them forth, and congratulated on not having attempted to answer them.

G. S. Yorke.

FROM FATEHPUR-SIKRI TO CONEY ISLAND*

SO many occidentals have gone through the East in order to come back and tell us about what they saw—so many Europeans have put down in print what they thought of things in America, that it would seem impossible to do either of these again—until one has read E. V. Lucas' latest volume. He has succeeded in covering both these fields in one small book in such an entertaining manner that it is to be hoped he will either write more on the same subjects or expand the book under review.

Mr. Lucas' style is always winsome. This is a quality which he succeeds in getting not by the method in which he writes so much, as by the selection of that on which he dilates. In India he is as much impressed by the "noiseless feet" as by Delhi. At Lucknow he does not harp on the rebellion so much as on the evidences of concomitancy between Indian and Britisher now existing on the very spot of the tragedy. His experiences at a tiger hunt and on a day's hawking are something more than expositions of these two sports: they are each of them a drama with the prey as the hero and the author a reluctant spear-carrier.

His stay in Japan was very brief, but not too short for him to be impressed with the diminutiveness of Japanese houses and farms, the beauty of Fujiyama, and the ill-mannered customs of the natives, toward foreigners particularly, and their own kind generally. One gets the impression that he found the symmetrical mountain beautiful not a little because of the contrast between it and the general run of things in the Island Kingdom.

What a different America he discovered as compared with the discovery of Charles Dickens! Or is the difference one between discoverers? To be jostled by a stevedore on a San Francisco dock was an enjoyable first experience with "democracy" as we know it. Did Mr. Lucas ride in an American subway car? He likes our universities, but has not particular love for our roads. He likes our humor and he likes Chicago. We like his humor. He was wise enough not to get angry with our national sport, base ball, unlike so many of his countrymen who quarrel with it because it is a descendant of bowls, but so different.

After what he says about Don Marquis, Oliver Herford, and Irvin S. Cobb they ought to raise a monument to him and not call on the public for subscriptions either. And for the mention which Old Christopher Morley gets, a suitable inscription on the said monument ought to be forthcoming.

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* "ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST," by E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Co.

"I should like to go there (America) every other year and have time: time to make the acquaintance of a naturalist and learn from him the names of birds and trees and flowers; time to loiter in the byways; time to penetrate into deeper strata where intimacies strike root and the real discoveries are made; time to discern beneath the surface, so hard and assured, something fey, something wistful, the sense of tears."

This almost holds out the promise of a companion work on New York or another of our cities, to go with those he has written on Vienna, Florence, London, and Paris. We look forward to such a book with pleasure.

JOHN STODDARD.

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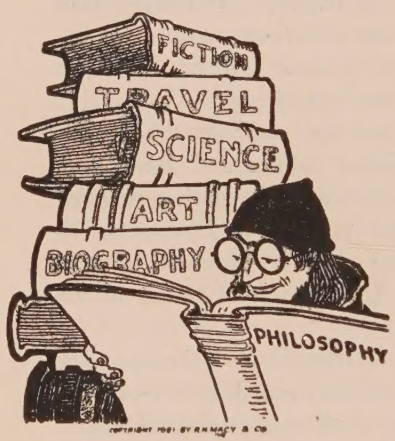

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